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"WRECKED ON THE CORAL REEFS."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

In shining silks and delicate lace,
The lady is fair to see;
The haughty grace of her form and face
Is wondrous fair to see;
But the heart below beats to and fro—
As hollow as heart can be.

With faultless art, o'er her brilliant eyes,
She droops the lashes low,
Let their cruel light should warn aught
Of the rosy reefs below—
Of the treacherous reefs below;
Where many I have seen shipwrecked men,
In the days of long ago!

The beautiful, balmy long ago,
When I put my hopes to sea,
Ah! the tide flowed high and the tide flowed low,
And the reefs were bright with their brightest glow,
But my hopes went down at sea!
O'er their shining track, some ships come back,
But mine come never to me.

Can never come back to me!
Philadelphia.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

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Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

It had not been necessary for Thomas San-
ford to discharge his rifle at all, and he very
willingly returned it to "Rushy," who took her
place at the loop-hole, eagerly but unsuccess-
fully looking out for Nat.

The enemy having now piled a large quan-
tity of brushwood upon the wagon, succeeded
in running it up to the house under cover of
the smoke, and placing it sideways against
the wall. In this position, and reaching up to
the second story windows, it obstructed the
loop-holes effectually, and of course put an
end to the danger from the rifles on that side.

It was not many minutes before those within
heard the crackling of fire in the wagon, and
perceived the smell of burning wood which
stole, with the pungent smoke, through the
openings.

Leaving the girls to defend the front against
attack on that side, Keziah and Thomas San-
ford went up stairs to be ready to fight the
fire. They did not have to wait long; for the
dry, light brushwood burned almost like straw,
and in a few moments light blue jets of flame
came shooting up through the mass, darting
forth and back like the forked tongues of ser-
pents. Here and there a bunch of dead leaves
would kindle, as one of these sharp tongues
shot through it, blaze up into a yellow flame,
and then die out.

Faster and faster came the jets, turning from
blue to yellow, and then deepening to red,
shooting higher and higher, curling and sway-
ing back and forth with an angry crackle and
roar, lapping the sides of the house and the
dry eaves greedily. Keziah and her companion
had not been idle, but from the first appear-
ance of the flames, had been dashing buckets
of water upon them, assisted by Martha and
Jenny, who had been called up by Thomas.

The occasional crack of a rifle from the room
below, showed that the girls were on the
alert, to prevent the door from being forced,
some demonstrations of which had been made,
at the expense of two or three more of the be-
siegers' lives.

Still the fearless woman above, with her
companions, battled stubbornly with the in-
creasing fire, till the flakes from the kindling
roof began to fall within, and the room was
so full of smoke that they could hardly breathe.

They then retreated to the room below, and
Keziah, briefly telling Thomas and his compan-
ions to follow, descended rapidly to the cel-
lar, and leading the way to the passage which
turned off to the left, directed them to follow
it to the cave, and there wait till she and her
daughters should join them.

There was no time for parley, and they set
out at once.

Keziah hastened back to the room where her
daughters were still watching at the loop-holes,
and bidding them collect what food and clothes
they could, not forgetting a bag of Spanish
dollars which her husband kept stored for
emergencies, prepared to follow the Sanfords,
leaving the house to its fate.

The whole roof was by this time on fire, and
the sparks were beginning to fall thickly into
the room through the stairway. The firing
from the outside had ceased, while the be-
siegers watched the progress of the flames, and
the inmates of the house were about to de-
scend to the cellar, when they heard the heavy
tramp of a column of soldiers, and the sharp,
stern orders,

"Run that wagon
from the house! seize
the tongue and away
with it to the fence!
Quick, you ruffians!
By my life, if it stands
there one moment
longer, I'll have the
ringleader tossed into
it to try how he likes
his handiwork! Away
with it!"

There was no doubt
that the speaker meant
to be obeyed, and half-
a-dozen of the Tories
sprang to the tongue,
and ran the wagon,
with its burning load,
as far from the house
as possible.

"Now, who's in the
house?" said the voice,
sharply.

"Don't know," was
the answer; "except one
old woman and some
blasted good rifles
that's knocked over six
or eight of us."

"Women!" exclam-
ed the other, darting
around to the front of
the house.

As he reached the
door, it was opened from
within, and Keziah stood before him, her gray
locks hanging in disorder, as they had fallen
when her comb was shot away, about her
smoke-grimed face, and her three daughters,
each with her rifle in her hand, standing im-
mediately behind her.

"If you are an English officer, and a man,
we claim your protection agin that gang of
cowardly wolves," said she.

"You shall have it, madam; you shall
have it," said he; "I'm sorry I wasn't able to
afford it earlier; I'm afraid there's no hope of
saving the house."

"None," said Keziah; "let it burn."

"Are there no men in the house?" inquired
the officer, in surprise, as he looked from the
grim figure of Keziah to her daughters and back
again, "are you all the force here?"

"Yes," said Keziah, "one old woman and
three gals, with a rifle apiece, is what's kept a
hundred Tories off, sin' sun up, an' what's kept
'em off 'till sun down, if they hadn't ha'
managed to git the old wagon up to the house,
an' set it afire."

"Four women holding a log house for hours
against a hundred men; if all your country-
men had your courage and determination, we
should have been driven from the country
long ago," said the officer; "as for you, you
cowardly hounds, that attack women twenty-
five to one," he added, turning to the Tories,
"you have been doing brigands' work, and
you shall have brigands' pay; lay down your
arms."

"D—d if we do," said one, who appeared
to have some command, though he was evi-
dently not the Captain, "who the d—d are you
that undertakes to order his Majesty's soldiers
to lay down their arms?"

"Your superior officer, sir," said the young
Captain, "and one who means to be obeyed;
'soldiers!' he added, with his lip curling, "a
gang of lawless ruffians rather, that disgrace any
cause they fight for. We'll see what General
Howe thinks of such soldiers. Deliver your
sword to the Sergeant; you and your men are
under arrest."

The whole house was now on fire, burning
furiously; and all present had moved some
distance away, to avoid the heat, which was
intense.

The temporary leader of the Tories sullenly
offered his sword to the Captain, for he saw
that his force was greatly outnumbered; the
latter, however, turned his back upon him,
motioning the Sergeant to take it.

"And now, madam," said he, turning to
Keziah, "you have been deprived of a home
by these scoundrels; is there any place where
you can stay, with your family, for the pre-
sent? We will escort you safely to any place
you wish."

"Thankee," said she; "but there's a neigh-
bor's house not far off, where we can stay 'till
such time as my old man an' the boys can
knock up a shanty."

"You have a husband, then?"

"Yes, an' ten boys;" the Captain involun-
tarily raised his eyebrows slightly, but Keziah
went on without noticing it; "if they'd been
at home, we'd ha' druv' off all these scum
long ago."

"Where are your sons?" inquired the officer.

"In the American army!"

Keziah hesitated.

"Don't tell me, if you had rather not," said
he; "I only wish, however, to befriend them,
should it ever be in my power."

"Well," said Keziah, "they're not exactly
in the army; they're with Clayton's Rangers
now."

"Clayton's Rangers?" said the officer; "I
ought to know them; isn't the first lieutenant
a gentleman named Barton?"

"I don't know," said Keziah; "I never



KEZIAH AND HER DAUGHTERS AT THE CAVE.

seen any of 'em 'till yesterday. I think the
officer's name was Bettie."

"The same; he was another Lieutenant; I
don't want to know where they are," he added,
in a low voice; "but if you know, I think, in
the unsettled state of the country, you had
better get yourself and your daughters under
the protection of the troop as soon as possible.
Should you see Lieutenant Barton, tell him
that Captain Gardner desired to be remembered
to him and the other officers."

The soldiers now prepared for departure with
their prisoners, Keziah declining any escort,
saying, "they could git along without any
trouble, if he would only drive them wot-
away."

Captain Gardner, after repeating his offer
of an escort, which Keziah again declined, bade
them good bye kindly, and his men, with the
disarmed Tories in front of them, fled away
through the woods, and were soon out of sight.

As soon as the coast was clear, Keziah and
her daughters hurried to where the cave opened
on the hill-side.

"Somebody's been through these bushes,"
said Hannah, pointing to some twigs which
were broken off, and at the leaves which were
turned in some disorder, and stripped off.

"I hope they hadn't been so foolish as to
come out by themselves," said Keziah.

Stepping down to the mouth of the cave, she
called, but no answer was returned.

A sudden exclamation from Jezebel brought
Keziah away from the cave to the foot of the
hill.

"See here, mother," said the girl; "here's
horse tracks; what's that mean?"

"Horse tracks!" said Keziah; "then there's
been treachery somewhere, and they're carried
off, sure. Nobody'd be likely to bring horses
here for anything else."

"I'll soon see," said Rushy, coolly,
"whether they're in the cave or not."

"And the fearless girl, armed with her rifle,
from which she had never parted, walked to
the entrance, crouched upon her hands and
knees, and disappeared beneath the bushes
and the shelving rock.

The others followed her at once, with their
rifles, partly from curiosity, and partly to assist
her in case there should be any danger.

They soon reached the interior of the cave,
but it was empty. They proceeded along the
passage to the well, found the opening into the
cellar blocked up with fallen timbers from the
house, which was now a heap of smouldering
ruins, still finding no trace of the object of
their search.

Turning on their steps they retraced their
way towards the cave. When about fifty
yards distant, Keziah, who was in advance,
suddenly stopped, saying,

"Hark! what's that?"

All stopped, listened, and heard unmis-
takably the sound of an axe, falling slowly in
heavy blows, apparently proceeding from the
cave.

Beckoning her daughters closer to her,
Keziah now moved along more slowly and
cautiously than before, the girls following close
in her rear.

Arrived at a jutting point of rock which pro-
jected partially across the passage, just before
it opened into the cave itself, Keziah stopped
again, and all four concealed themselves behind
it and listened again.

The blows of the axe still continued, and
after a moment's listening, "Rushy," who was
next her mother, saw her face, haggard enough
before, suddenly grow pale as death.

"What's the matter, mother?" she whis-
pered, anxiously.

"That axe is outside the cave, gal, right at
the mouth," said Keziah.

"So it is," said she, listening, but unable

to imagine why her mother was so agitated; "I
wonder who it can be chopping there, just
now."

"Choppin'!" said Keziah, "don't you know
the sound of an axe edge better 'n that? That's
the butt of an axe, drivin' a stake in the
ground. We're shut in!"

A look of dismay glanced from face to face,
and then, as by one impulse, they all hurried
past the projection into the cave, seizing their
rifles which had been leaning against the rock,
and then to its mouth.

But there they stopped; for, jammed partly
under the shelving rock which formed the
mouth, was a large stone, closing up the aper-
ture entirely, except one spot at the upper
right hand corner, where the light came, broken
by the bushes outside, through a small
opening not larger than Keziah's hand.

Placing her shoulder against the stone and
beckoning her daughters to assist her, they all
exerted their utmost strength to move it, but
in vain. Twenty times their strength, exerted
at the disadvantage of their constrained position
in the low passage, would have succeeded
no better.

They moved back to the higher part of the
cave, a few feet from the stone, and crouched
on the floor, Keziah groaning aloud in bit-
terness of spirit.

At this moment the small aperture I have
mentioned was darkened, and a voice with a
villainously exaggerated nasal twang, whined
through it.

"Wal now, don't you feel comfy, Ke-
ziah? What's Jenny? I reckon—"

What was reckoned did not appear; for the
speech was cut short by the report of Jenny's
rifle, she having recognized the voice and
caught a glimpse, as it peered through the
opening into the darkness, of the face of Yan-
kee Nat, and instantly fired at it.

Half stunned by the report, and blinded by
the smoke, they were uncertain at first whe-
ther he had been hit or not; but the next mo-
ment, though they could see nothing, they
heard the voice again, exclaiming—

"Cre-a-tion! what a she painter. Good bye,
Keziah; 'member me to Jenny;" and then they
heard a mocking laugh growing fainter
and fainter in the distance as the villain rode
deliberately off, and left his entrapped victims
to their fate.

The prospect before them was not encourag-
ing. At the mouth of the cave was the stone,
jammed slightly in, and then secured farther
by two stout stakes driven deeply into the
ground, close to it, rendering it impossible
to move it, except from the outside. At the
other end of the long passage all egress was
barred by the timbers which had fallen into
the cellar, so that there was absolutely no way
to get out except by climbing straight up the
perpendicular sides of the well, a feat, to the
performance of which neither of the prisoners
felt herself competent.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Thomas Sanford and his family, after
some difficulty, reached the cave, they found
themselves in the clutches of Yankee Nat, and
six of the other Tories, who were there wait-
ing, not for them, but for the Mac Allans.

"Jee-raw-ah!" exclaimed Nat, "this is
better still. How's these doc, Thomas?" he
added, in that devilish, mocking, nasal drawl
of his, and snuffing, "didn't expect the plea-
sure o' thy company to day. Friends, this is
Thomas Sanford, whar we got licked from the
house last Thursday night by the bloody
Rangers 't' licked us yesterday mornin', an'
lost five of our best men."

There was something in the voice that utter-

ed this remarkable bit
of involved grammar,
which Jenny was sure
she had heard before;
and taking a better look
at its owner, she re-
cognized in him the
fellow who had insulted
her on the Thursday
evening he had now re-
turned to.

Carefully avoiding
any sign of recogni-
tion, however, but with
spirits by no means
lightened by this dis-
covery, she stood silent,
with her eyes cast down
to avoid those of Nat,
which she felt were
bent upon her.

"Now, boys," re-
sumed Nat, "I reckon
we're got 'bout th'
best luck we could ha'
had. These here folks
is wuth'uthin' to cap-
tivate. Th' old woman
an' her gals want no
'count at all in com-
parison o' these."

"What's that?" in-
terrupted one of the
others; "the firin's
stopped."

"Wal," said Nat,
"sposin' you squirm out an see; you're
nearer th' hole 'n anybody else."

The man accordingly crawled out to recon-
noitre; in a few minutes he was back at the
entrance, calling eagerly, but in a suppressed
voice—

"Nat! I say Nat, come here quick!"

Nat rode into the low passage, and made his
way as rapidly as possible to its mouth.

"Fetch all hands out," said the fellow, "the
house is blazin' like a haystack, but there's
the d—d knows how many Reg'lers around it,
an' all our fellows is disarmed."

"Then we must run for it," said Nat, in a
sharp, quick tone, strongly in contrast with
his ordinary drawl; "get the horses ready;"
and then backing into the cave again, hurried
the other men, with their prisoners, into the
open air, giving the latter, as they emerged, a
stern and hurried warning to be silent; the
Tories then mounted their horses, from which,
however, three of them, from very shame,
soon dismounted, to allow their prisoners to
ride, and all except Nat, immediately disap-
peared in the woods, taking a roundabout
course to the rendezvous they had left in the
morning.

Nat, instead of going with them, led his
horse off out of sight into the woods, and then
concealed himself among the bushes, with
which the ground was overgrown, to await the
coming of Keziah and her daughters, who, he
felt sure, would not be long in looking after
their guests, if they were left at liberty.

He had, as Jezebel had said, lived with the
Mac Allans for a short time. He had not been
there a week, before, with his prying Yankee
curiosity, he had ferreted out the whole secret
of the cave, and the subterranean passage to
it, in spite of all the care that was taken to
keep him in ignorance of it. He was a close-
mouthed fellow about his own affairs, how-
ever, and always kept his knowledge to him-
self, until he should find an opportunity to
bring it into use.

He was satisfied that if the women were not
already in the passage, that the entrance to it
in the cellar, was so blocked up by the ruins
of the house, that the cave could not be reached
from that direction.

Accordingly, he had waited patiently in his
concealment, until Keziah and her daughters
had entered the cave. As soon as they disap-
peared, he crept stealthily up to the mouth,
and having heard their voices die in the dis-
tance as they moved towards the well, had
rolled up the large stone and secured it as al-
ready described.

When he had got through his laugh, he
put spurs to his horse, and galloped after his
party.

Arrived at the rendezvous, they remained
there through the day and the greater part
of the night, and about an hour before day-
break, started with their prisoners for the farm-
house.

It was impossible to avoid passing Deborah's
Rock without making a wide detour, which
would have consumed too much time, and
Nat, who acted as guide, determined to run
the risk of skirting it, trusting partly to Jen-
ny's fears to keep her from giving any alarm,
and partly to the hope of getting past the dan-
gerous point without her knowledge. He mis-
calculated both her timidity and her ac-
quaintance with the country, as the event
showed.

He had sprung to her side when she
screamed for help, and levelled his pistol at
her head, but recovered his coolness instantly,
and lowered it again, for her death was not
consistent with his ultimate designs. It was
no lingering gentleness, no touch of pity for
the young, helpless girl who had thus been
thrown so unexpectedly into his power, that

held his hand; Nat, son of Belial as he was,
would have snuffed contemptuously at being
charged with any such weakness.

Well was it for Jenny Sanford, that Dandy
Harry's knife so effectually unsettled his plans,
and sent him home to his master that morn-
ing; for the guard whom Harry had dis-
patched so promptly just before the attack on
the house, was no other than Yankee Nat. He
has gone to his own place, and will appear no
more.

All through the day, in the meantime,
Keziah Mac Allan and her daughters had re-
mained prisoners in the cave, not sitting with
their hands in their laps, but wearing them-
selves out in vain attempts, now to pry away
the stone with their rifle barrels, now to force
their way into the cellar.

At last, as evening came on, completely
overcome with fatigue, they sank down on the
floor of the cave, and went to sleep.

They slept soundly, whether long or not
they could not tell; Keziah was awakened at
last by a touch on her shoulder.

Opening her eyes with a start, and catching
an indistinct glimpse, in the gloom, of a man's
figure, she sprang to her feet, making a grasp
at her rifle, which lay beside her, as she rose.

"My sakes alive! K'ziah," said a well
known voice; "but I'm glad to find you an'
the gals alive. But what's been up? Here's
the house burnt down, an' you fastened here
in the cave. Where's Tommy Sanford an'
his folks?"

Conquering an instinctive feminine tendency
to hysteria, Keziah briefly detailed the events
I have described, stating that they had held
out 'till the house was beginning to tumble
over their heads, that they had sent on the
Sanfords in advance, not suspecting that Nat
knew the secret of the cave; their mission
and searching for them, and their imprison-
ment.

"That's what the firin' meant, this mornin',
then," said Mac Allan, after she had finished;
"we heerd it an' seen the smoke, but
thought it was farder off. Well, we can't do
anything to night; we must go over to the
neighbor's now, an' start by sun-up for the
Rock, to let Captain Clayton know the Sanfords
are missin'."

Accordingly, having spent the night at the
neighbor's, they made an early start in the
morning, and as we have seen, reached the
Rock, just before the Sanfords and the party
who had rescued them returned, with the
dead body of Mahlon.

The account which Keziah had been giving
Clayton of the cause of their presence there,
had been interrupted by the arrival of the party,
and had not been resumed until after the bur-
ial; the Sanfords had withdrawn a little
apart and were sitting by themselves; and
Keziah, at Clayton's request, stepping out of
ear shot, resumed her narrative in a low
voice.

When she mentioned Captain Gardner's
name, he interrupted her to ask about his
personal appearance. Keziah described him as
well as she could, and with sufficient accuracy
to enable Clayton to recognize him.

"He named one of your Lieutenants in par-
ticular."

"Was it Wheeler or Wetherill?" said Clay-
ton.

"No, that wasn't the name," said she, con-
sidering a moment, "I think it was Barnet or
Burton, or somethin'—"

"Barton," said he.

"Yes, Barton; that was it."

Barton, who had heard his name spoken by
the Captain, came over to where they were
talking, supposing he had been called.

"Then remember the young Englishman
there took the other night, at the spring below
New Castle, Levi?" said Clayton.

"Yes," said Barton, "have you seen him?"

"Friend Keziah, here, saw him yesterday,
at a very fortunate time for her. He was the
means of saving her and her daughters from
burning to death in their own house, or falling
into the hands of the remnant of the gang we
drove from here on Sixth day night."

"Had he any force with him?" inquired
Barton; "he must have got to work without
much delay after he was exchanged."

"Yes, he had considerable force," said
Clayton; "I'll tell thee all about it after
while. I would like to hear the rest of thy
story, now, Keziah."

"There haint much more to tell," said she;
and then went on to describe the burning of
the Tories, and their own adventure in the
cave, their discovery and release by her hus-
band, and their journey to the Rock.

"Then the gang is completely broken up, I
suspect," said Clayton; "all their fighting
men, who survive, are prisoners. Our work
with them is done. We will stay here, how-
ever, 'till they come in, and then try for a
few days whether we can pick up some re-
cruits, for our ranks have been terribly thin-
ned in the last three weeks. Only what three
sees, about forty men, left out of a hundred,"
and Clayton and his lieutenant looked sadly
around upon their scanty force.

CHAPTER XV.

On Tuesday morning all the scouts came in
together. They had tracked the Rangers

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, April 5, 1860.

A GLANCE AT LA VENDEE.

The obliteration of local peculiarities—not always, perhaps, a gain—which so certainly follows in the wake of the railway train, and the irruption of city habits thereby effected in remote country regions, has hitherto been less rapid in France than in England, for the simple reason that not only is it but a short time since the great lines of railway were completed in France, but that the immense ramifications of inland lines which cover the greater part of England with its network, is still wanting in France. To a human creature so richly gifted with the faculty of staying at home as is the average French peasant, the existence of a railway twenty, thirty, or fifty miles from his village, will probably never induce him to find his way to it across the intervening country, although he knows that the wonderful innovation, once reached, will take him straight to that Mecca and Medina of French imagination and longing, that culminating point of splendor and of power, the Paris whose pulsations have so often been felt to the farthest extremity of the national fibre. The existence of the great iron artery, even at so remote a distance, will tell insensibly on the life and destinies even of the villagers thus removed from the sight of its wonders; their land and produce will perhaps be worth a trifle more, and their ideas will perhaps receive the last softened shock of the outermost, attenuated ripples of animation that will roll outward from every station of the line.

But many a long year must elapse, many a stirring change will have occurred in the world, before such a proximity can have caused any marked variation in the types, habits, manners, and customs of the remoter districts of France. Each of these still possesses its own diverse and peculiar character; offering a field for the observation of the student of human nature by no means devoid of interest and value. North, south, east, and west are all different, and all will still amply repay the curiosity of the visitor.

In none of these remoter districts are the local characteristics more varied and persistent than in the old Vendée, now included in the Department of the Maine et Loire. The villagers of the neighborhood of Angers are utterly dissimilar to those about Sarmur; and if you leave these districts for the country about Cholet, you will be amazed to find yourself surrounded by natural features entirely unlike those presented by either of the others; while the ways of the people, their modes of thought, customs, and even the build of their persons, will all be seen to be as dissimilar as though separated from these other localities by the Channel or the Rhine.

ROADS, GORSE, FIELDS, &c.

The roads in this part of France are literally impassable, with the exception of the Government highways, during the greater part of the year. They are full of ruts, holes and mud; not even on horseback can a traveller follow them in winter without incurring the most imminent risk of life and limb. The fact of a guest travelling on horseback by one of these great roads to a wedding at a village at some little distance from his own, and arriving at the festive scene, after a hard day's adventures, minus his shoes—those useful appendages having disappeared in the mud into which his steed had been plunging all day up to his haunches, though the traveller had not alighted from the animal's back—may be taken as a fair sample of the state of matters and things in the road department of existence in the rural regions. The country is poor, not half cultivated, and producing—with the exception of gorse bushes—little else than the scanty supply of buckwheat, which constitutes the principal food of the people.

The gorse is, in fact, the distinctive feature of the region. There are no hills, no wide plains, no great rivers; neither are there many square rods of level ground. The country is everywhere broken by mounds and ravines; the soil is clayey and cold; the water stands in vast puddles, and the gorse, which often attains a height of fifteen or sixteen feet, is the one superb, reforming feature of the scene. The moment a gorse bush shows itself, the peasant concludes that the "goodness of the land" is gone, and leaves it to its fate. The plant thus extends its domain, covering the country for miles together, and draping, as with a mantle of cloth of gold, the nakedness of the land.

The country is cut up into fields, bordered by hedges of holly cut to a dozen feet high. The roads wind between these hedges, shut out from every ray of sunshine, cut up by heavy cart wheels, often serving as a channel for the waters drained from the adjacent hills. The compact and lofty holly hedges, which not even a stag could leap over, and the hares can only pass at certain places where they have forced a passage, are shadowed in turn by aged oaks and chestnut trees, whose boughs spread over the road for great distances, as though to shut out from the sight of heaven the crimes which might so easily be committed in the darkness and solitude of its well-nigh impassable windings. If you travel along them in summer, however, with a pair of pistols in your holsters, and a blue sky overhead, you cannot fail to be charmed with the tapestry of ivy, wild pop and honeysuckle that covers the tall holly-hedge, with its tall and graceful arched-ways. But even in the driest weather you must look carefully to your way; for it frequently happens that the earth, insufficiently supported, has given way, forming deep and dangerous hollows, which, in the absence of suitable stone or pebbles for mending the road, are simply filled up with fagots and branches of trees.

There are no towns, though all this region; only villages and scattered farms, the largest of which are seldom more than eighty or a hundred acres. The houses are open to all comers, without walls, or fences; the animals being all shut in on the holly-hedged fields.

CURIOUS MODE OF LIVING.

The people are simple and hospitable. If you go into a house, you are sure of a wel-

come; and the best of the humble fare it contains will be placed before you. As you approach the door, you perceive a whitewashed wooden cross above it; as you enter the large room within, you see a little niche, containing a rude statue of the Virgin and child, covered with garly paint. Opposite the door is a sort of rack, always hung with articles of clothing, and above it are the guns of the different members of the family. Above, there is also but one vast room, with as many beds as it can hold, the space being divided off into compartments by massive old screens, these compartments being occupied by two, three, and sometimes even four generations of the owners. For families are often numerous in this part of France, and the people often live to a good old age. One old patriarch, the father of three generations, all occupying the same household, and the same dormitory, goes by the name of Louis XVI., because his name is Louis, and he was the sixteenth child of the same parents. Half-a-dozen children often sleep in the same bed, some with their heads to the head of the bed, the others with their heads to the foot. The parents sleep in a bed close by; and the other branches of the family are a little way off, each occupying its respective colony of beds. Sometimes, but more rarely, you will find several families, not related to each other, thus living together, and sleeping in the same dormitory. Families thus associated, rent and cultivate the same farm, which pacific union constitutes a *paragonerie*. Those who form it speak of one another as "our *paragoniers*." They are often of widely different degrees of substance, and of personal capacity, and consequently share in the profits of the association, according to a scale of proportion laid down and agreed to beforehand.

On one of these farms you will find no less than four families, thus living and working together; of these, one family, consisting of three persons, has furnished one half of the funds embarked in the working of the farm. A second family, consisting of ten persons, of whom six are children, has contributed a quarter of the funds; and of the other quarter, one-half is furnished by a family of four persons who are among the best laborers on the farms, and the other half by a widow with four young children. The open space in front of the house is covered with a thick layer of rushes, gorse, and heather, which, constantly trampled on by the feet of men and beasts, and rotted by the winter rains, forms a valuable yearly addition to the rest of the manure. Not far from the house is an enormous chestnut tree, some hundreds of years old, under whose spreading branches are kept the ploughs, carts, and tools of all descriptions used upon the farm. When the work is fine, all the children too young to work are to be seen at play in the sun on the grass about the house, under the care of an old grandmother, whose declining strength is no longer sufficient to allow of her taking part in more active employments. All this numerous company forms but one household, living together in the utmost peace and harmony.

After the legitimist attempt of 1832, Louis Philippe caused a few strategic roads to be opened through some parts of this region, in order to be able to send in troops. Various measures were also set on foot for bringing the lights of modern civilization to bear on the minds of the very primitive inhabitants. These measures, despite the violent opposition of the people, have been carried out successfully; the wasteful magnificence of the gorse bushes has disappeared in certain neighborhoods, and the land, improved by draining and tillage, produces capital crops of wheat. Fine herds of cattle are to be seen, and cart horses have begun, in some places, to replace the classic yoke of oxen in the labor of the farm. In another generation or two, it may be the lot of the traveller through this region to witness the substitution of the steam-plough in place of the slow and cumbersome husbandry of today. Meantime in the more favored districts near the strategic roads just mentioned, commerce in wheat and cattle has largely increased, the price of land has tripled, the rate of wages proportionally increased, and even the peasant landowners are beginning to think of grubbing up their gorse bushes, and clearing the stones from their fields.

The region is still, however, wonderfully little changed from the antique simplicity of its habits and customs. They speak of their landlord as their "master," and of themselves as belonging to his "subjection;" when he comes into the country, they all hasten to welcome and embrace him the rough chins of the men, who never shave except for Sunday, making this reception sometimes a painful one to its object. They are generally on excellent terms with him, and are willing to follow his counsels and carry out his plans. With the priest, they are on equally good terms. He keeps a register in which the name of each member of his flock is inscribed, with an entry of 5, 10, or 20 francs per annum, opposite each, according to the several means. If he is in want of ploughs or carts for the working of the glebe, he announces, after mass, on Sunday morning, that, on such a day, such a farmer is wanted at the parsonage, with his oxen and plough. The farmer so called upon never fails to obey the summons, without murmur or delay.

The manufactures of Cholet (*Challies* derive their name from this town) occupy between 75,000 and 80,000 persons, who are to be found scattered through all the neighboring villages and hamlets. The contrast between the sturdy agricultural peasantry, and the debilitated weavers, is exceedingly striking; and though the two classes are intermingled, they never mix. The sons of the peasants, if obliged to quit their father's farm, will rather turn monk, and enter one of the numerous monasteries of La Vendée than enter the town, and sink into town life. The peasant of the Vendée scorns the town, and its handicrafts; and rather than quit the country, will immerse himself for life within the impassable limits of cloistered seclusion. He is sure of open air labor, and the care of fields, gardens, and orchards; and this suffices to content him. The farmer's daughter will remain single, and slink into the attic of the children of her eldest brother—the future master of the farm—rather than "demand" herself by marrying a weaver.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A curious custom has sprung up at the

Vendean weddings, originating, no doubt, in the presence of this despised class. On the last day of the feast, when the rejoicings of the company are at their height, the most active of the guests dress themselves up in the most grotesque imitations of the poor; with wigs of tow, crowns or rimless hats, and ragged garments of every kind. Thus disguised, they dance the *segneur*, or *dance of the poor*. Sixty or eighty of the unfortunate weavers of the neighborhood, women, old men, and children, pale, haggard, and a sack on their shoulders, contemplate the noisy gambols of the dancers, which seem to mock their misery, and in which they are never allowed to take part. While the *segneur* is proceeding an immense cauldron has been prepared, in the kitchen, and into this are thrown all the scraps of victuals which have been left since the beginning of the feast, and which, with the addition of a quantity of potatoes and buckwheat, simmer together, and form a kind of porridge by no means of the most delicate or savory description. Such as it is, however, the poor creatures for whom it is prepared, accept it with the eagerness of hunger. The porridge is served up in great wooden dishes, at a long table prepared for them, the guests, with the bride and bridegroom, waiting on them during the repast. At its conclusion, whatever remains in the dishes is transferred by them to their sacks, and the wretched, ill-paid victims of the loom take their departure.

The peasants of La Vendée, notwithstanding recent progress, have not yet got much farther than the raising of wheat and the fattening of lean kine, which they purchase and fatten for the market. Neither colts, bees, nor flax, has yet set foot in that region, though well suited to it. The landowners do not live in the country, and expend little or nothing, in general, in introducing the improvements which stimulate to imitation, and so enormously develop the wealth and resources of a district. There is not a single habitable cottage in all the country; no wealthy resident to initiate an era of emulation and activity. There are no parks, no flower-gardens, no singing birds. The blackened ruins of the ancient castles of old *seigneurs* still show among the dark, heavy woods which formerly made their pride, looking more like the haunts of wild beasts or bandits, than the remains of lordly abodes; and crows, jays, magpies, tom-tits, and owls, are the only tenants of ruins, forests, and hedges. The owl is so common there that it is a feature of the region; an imitation of its note having been adopted by the insurgent Vendéans as their rallying cry amidst the labyrinth of their gorse bushes, the name of *Chouans* (from *Chou-hants*) has come to be used as the designation of the victims of that deplorable civil war.

The absenteeism of the landlords of La Vendée dates from the unhappy period of the *Chouannerie*. The least rich now live at Angers or at Nantes; the richest at Paris. The notary of the district manages the affairs of the absent landlords, receives the rents, and renews the leases. The owners take care not to come into the country during the semi-annual visits of their legal agents. For several years past the rents have been raised whenever a lease has run out; and the farmers, who are wedded to the homestead their fathers have inhabited before them, submit to the rise, rather than leave. Moderate as is the farmer's gain, a dozen applicants are always ready to contest the acquisition of a farm which becomes vacant; but as a few of the peasants have lately bought bits of land for themselves, the system of subdivision which has operated so injuriously on the agricultural interests of France, will no doubt soon be introduced into La Vendée.

Normandy, with its rich pastures and orchards, and the cunning of its people hidden under a pretended simplicity—Brittany, with its wild and rugged scenery, its inexhaustible legends, its picturesque costumes, and its intense and virulent hatred of England and the English—the south-west, with its barren *landes*, and its Gascon "barney;"—the blending of the French and German types on the Rhine;—the sunny vineyards, noble mountain-ranges, and handsome peasantry of the Venaissin and the Mont d'Or—are all as distinct as so many different nationalities, and all are rich in materials of interest for the painter, the student, and the traveller in search of the amusing and the picturesque.

QUANTUM.

A lady tourist curiously remarks:—"Bacon, seen from the monument of Banker Bill, looks like a large spider that has been dropped into the water, struggling for the land, in order that it may spin its web and fulfil its destiny."

A certain honest (?) gentleman passing homeward, a night or two since, came to a clothes line with a shirt on it. He immediately proposed to the line to "old and even," to see which should have the shirt; he pulled out a shilling, took it odd, and won. He then went his way, the richer by a good shirt.

Many prefer taking to their love or companionship a rough potato, in which there is the slightest chance of discovering the small, not-diamond, rather than a highly polished non-sensational bit of the most educated rock crystal—*Hogus*.

Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's ever-flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little worn and tender skin sleeps under its fall and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song—*Waterloo*.

Those real gems of thought, that shine like stars in the night, were not struck out at a heat, as sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are, but fashioned and polished with a patient and a weary and an aching head and heart.

A man has a shrewd suspicion that age has overtaken him when he keeps assuring you that he feels as young as ever, and he doesn't know but—*younger*. Poor fellow! he whistles to keep his courage up; but, alas! he cannot recall youth as he calls his pointer—with a whistle.

GADALL CLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ERAB.

How Aunt Scranton Received that Hateful Cousin Josephine.

Why, my beloved Cousin Josephine, how do you do? I'm so despatched glad to see you. This is really a most sudden and unexpected pleasure. I'm sure I didn't think of seeing you here to-day. Why, 'twas only a day or two since 'at I was a talkin' to Sookie, my darter, about you, an' tellin' her what her friends we set in to be, an' how much I did want to see you—an' lo! an' behold here you be just when I was wantin' to see you most. Well, I do declare, you're the same old sumpence yet, only you've grown the brighter by wearin'. Why, Josephine, I don't see but what you look just as young an' as handsome as you did when you was married. An' this is your dear husband! How do dew Mister Willis? I'm pecterly happy to have the delightful task to welcome you an' yours to Gadall. An' these is your children, both on 'em? Little dears! Ah! what d'ye call the darlin's names? "Killing Victory an' Mister Olibert!" what pretty names. The boy's name an' Prince Olibert, is it? Pity it wasn't! It darter been. Then you'd had a Prince Olibert an' a Queen Victory in your family. But what sweet little treasures your children is, Cousin Josephine. I must make 'em acquainted with my darter. Sookan, this is your darlin' little cousin, Killing Victory Willis; an' this is your cousin, Prince Olibert Willis. I must call him prince, he looks so much like one with them great black eyes, an' noble features, an' beautiful velvet jacket an' trousers. Hope you'll get acquainted dears, an' feel yourself to him. Have you rid clean all the way from Boston? What, to-day? Well, I declare! Ain't you tired? You must be despatched wearin' a I should think. Why, ain't it more'n a hour's ride from here to Boston? "Just about three hours?" An' now it's more'n seven o'clock by Malerky's watch. Well I say for't, you must be starved a-ly. "You did, an' so come rather slow to see the country?" Well, I don't blame ye. It's a most delightful way to take rides through the country so, an' see what's to be seen. I'm goin' to try to prevail on Bonnydad to take such a trip some time this comin' summer. It's rather airy in the season now to suit my ideas o' ruralism.

Cousin Willis, hadn't you better let your driver put his horses in the barn, an' just give 'em some oats? Lor! no, you shan't do no such a thing as to send 'em to the liberty stable; we've got plenty of accommodations an' plenty o' room in our barn, for Bonnydad's away just now with his team; but I expect him home every minnit, an' oh, he'll be so delighted to see his dear relations 'at he hasn't seen in these ever so many years. What! you will send 'em to the liberty stable? Well, of you will, why then I 'pose I must let ye, if I do it ever so unreluctantly. These men, Cousin Josephine, is allers bound to have their own way; leastwise, that's the way with Bonnydad—ef he takes a notion, you can't turn him from it no more'n you can turn a flapjack with a knittin' needle. But it's so comfortin' 'at my Malerky's away! You see he's off on a give look agency; don't expect him much short of a week. He'll be so sorry when he comes home to find 'at he's missed o' seein' you. He thinks a despatch sight o' his relations, my Malerky does.

Now, cousin Josephine, you must a got clean strayed away to find yourself away up here out o' the world, as a body may say; well, that's right. I love to see folks take some pains to come an' see old friends 'at they've known an' set by in former times—in times of old lang zing, as the poet gracefully says. Do you love poetry, Mister Ellis? "Extremely fond o' it?" Yis; well, I should be pecterly as much jest only by lookin' at your physiognomy. I think there's a great deal to be knowned about folks at fast sight by studyin' their physiognomy, don't you, cousin Willis? I find it a very eddyin' an' improv'in' science to study, myself. An' what do you think, cousin Willis— I must call you cousin, tew, for I've a few distant an' reserved like to Mister and Miss relations—what do you think o' the sister science o' freemasonry? Don't you think it's a grand an' astonishin' invention? What? "Almost equal to the massive science o' nosology?" Nosology? Land o' masser! what's that? Now dew tell what kind of a new fangled convention nosology is? Why, you don't say? "A science 'at helps folks to read the character of others by the shape an' size of their noses?" Now, cousin Willis, be you a jokin' or not, I dew desire to know? "Never was more in ainist!" Then there's a really such a science as nosology, is there? Well, pray dew throw some light out. What does these noses signify 'at's straight, an' what kind of character may be expected from a crooked one? "Crooked or straight the character is j-s-like the nose?" Well, ef that don't beat all my fast wife's relations! Now sponen a body has a what they call a Roman nose, what kind o' person be they? "Bold an' fierce?" An' what does these noses signify 'at's sharp an' thin, an' pecked, an' turned up kinder at the end? "Teesm's the sort 'at's allers peekin' into everybody's nose!" Land o' Goshen! how queer! Why I never should a thought o' knowin' so much about people by their noses. Why this new science o' nosology beats freemasonry all to nothin', cause you have to feel a body's bumps, which you can't often get a chance to dew when you want to study character; but, lor! a nose is allers in sight, an' no body can't prevent a body's takin' observations, so 'at a body may be really an' truly said to carry their character labelled on their faces. Well, all these things is wonderful. There's a great sight in this world 'at we don't more'n half understand; as the poet so aptly expresses it.

"There's more strings in heaven and earth, Lo rezen,

Than men has dreamt in their philosophy."

An' now, my dear cousins, I must leave Sookie to entertain you, an' git you to excuse me while I go an' see how our Irish gal is gittin' along with the dinner. She's a young

Irish gal—our Bridget Jane—one 'at I took from the poor 'us some years ago, out o' charity, for her folks had all caught a contagion soon after they come to live in our town, an' died an' left nothin' as you may say for her, an' she went to the poor 'us to stay till they could see what was best to be done with her, an' so I up an' offered her a home with me, an' I've tried to give her some kind o' bringin' up, an' done the best I could by her, but lor, 't ain't much use. She plagues me conajest to death. Sometimes I'm afraid she'll run away, poor thing, an' ef she did, there's no knowin' what would ever become of her. No body wouldn't care for her as I dew. But I must hurry away to the kitchen now. (In the kitchen.) Bridget Jane, put on your shawl an' sunbunnet, an' run up to the market as quick as lightnin', an' git me three pounds o' beef-steak, an' tell old Mr. Sawyer not to put no bones in it, for I won't pay far no bones with beef-steak. Ef I pay far meat I want meat, an' when I want bones I'll buy 'em.—An' then you stop in at the baker's an' git me a loaf o' baker's bread—mind, git new—an' don't you pocket none o' the change of there's any left—an' do you be back in less'n no time. Hurry, now, you Irish scapegoat. (To herself while seeing to the "puddin'.") That good for nothin' Olibert nudged his easy sister when we was a talkin' about nosology, an' whispered 'at my nose turned up awfully. I'm mad as I can be. I'd knock him into the middle o' next week, ef I had a fair chance. I'd shake him within an inch o' his life if I dared to. "Would do me good, declare it would!" An' that abominable Josephine! I hate her now more'n ever. I can't bear the idee o' Bonnydad's seein' her, she's so grand an' nice, an' takes on sich airs. I wonder they hadn't gone to the hotel an' put up, an' then called on us; as we hadn't seen each other none in so many years. But I 'pose it's all fur the best 'at they've come here instid o' goin' to the hotel. It'll give us some consequence among the neighbors, an' that's some remuneration for the trouble an' expense of entertainin' on 'em.—Wonder how long they calculate to stay? I'll take lots o' beds to 'commode 'em all—an' that nigger! 'spos I'll have to furnish a bed for him. He shall sleep in the garret, any way. He shan't have no better place in my house. I hate the very sight o' niggers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH OF GRANITE.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, when Mr. Barnett read a paper on the decay of building stones, Mr. Robert Hunt denied the accuracy of the prevailing theory that granite decayed through the decomposition of the felspar.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was in Sicily, he was studying geology, and the rap and clatter of his hammer among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who accounted him mad. They told their priest of the danger from the mania, but Davy had seen the priest before them; his reverence quietly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a far off land, who was practicing a penance! Davy was then regarded by the Catanians as a saint.

"Oh! when a young bachelor weds a young maid, Who's eager to go and yet willing to stay, She sighs and she blushes, and looks half afraid, Yet loses no word that her lover can say. She dares not say yes, and she cannot say no. Oh, a perilous time is this blarney."

J. Scott Russell, the builder of the Great Kaituma, says the cost of running the ship is £2 per mile. According to this statement the ship can never pay.

A popular divine tells a good story as a hit at those kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed post. Then on cold nights, he merely pointed to the document, and with the words "Oh, Lord, these are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel, he heard him curse it because it would not be still!

A Quaker, having sold a fine looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser— "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"No," was the answer.

"Neither will he ever see any in thee," said Broadbrim.

MARKED BY A MISANTHROPE.—The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, the pale of civilization. How to keep your friends? Never ask any of them to do you a service.

CHARACTER TO "SEE" HER.—A man who is tired of his wife has only to take her to Japan. A traveller, who went there lately, accompanied by his wife, had several good offers for her, in money!

An alder in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have a couple of ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their ears.

It is announced as a cheering sign of the progress of civilization among the Indians, that the Cherokee natives have a debt and are unable to pay the interest upon it.

Practice flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so he will act.

One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

The sunshine that makes the grass green and beautiful, nurtures and invigorates the snake in it.

In making an estimate of man or woman, don't take the dress into consideration. The value of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard.

The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about eighty five thousand, of which two-thirds belong to England and the United States.

It was a law of the ancient Britons, that no one should be permitted to guide a plough until he could make one.

Many are vain of their high living. But if a man becomes honorable by eating, how much more honorable is the worm that eats him.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CARS.

There were five of us—yes, five of us happy fellows as were over let loose from college. It was vacation, and we concluded to take a trip to the Falls. We got aboard at N—, and were soon travelling rapidly towards our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend, Fred B— After the common salutations, "How are you, old fellow?" etc., etc., had passed, Fred remarked he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we, "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."

"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "in the next car there is a lovely pair as was my lot to see. They are going down to A— to get married, and now, if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in.—They must be cared for, and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment Fred was gone, and we set our heads together to form a plan for "taking care of the lovers."

"I have it, boys," said Bill Seavers; "we must make that girl think that her lover is married."

"That's it, Bill Seavers—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children," said Bill.

"That's the game, boys, now let us play it."

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee; and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft, loving style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with this girl?"

"The girl arose hastily and seated herself on the seat."

"See here, stranger," said the fellow, "you are a little mistaken; my name ain't Jones."

"Why, Jones," said I, "you certainly have not left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?"

"I tell you my name ain't Jones—it's Harper! It never was Jones; 'tain't a goin' to be."

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat, to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked "wild" after I sat down; but Jones alias Harper soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

About the time they got to feeling quite well again, in came El Gregg. Walking up to Harper, he accosted him with:

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the first man that's called me Jones to-day, an' I must look awfully like him; but I ain't Jones. I haven't got a wife, nor babies either, but this 'ere gal an' me is a goin' to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife, and I wouldn't wonder but what, in the course of time, you might talk about the babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones."

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of "the girl that was goin' to be spliced."

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in the future. I really pity your poor wife and children, and this poor girl."

"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it, an' you have been foolin' me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet; and I don't think we will be very soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed with fire.

"Jane, Jane," said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? That ain't a darn drop of Jones blood in me, and I'll prove it."

At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Seavers and Jim Myers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:

"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

"Now," said he, "my name ain't Jones, and I can lick any fellow that says it!"

By this time we had got to A—, and Fred came into the car and made Bill Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be "spliced" requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N—, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed. We heard at A— that he proved himself to be Bill Harper instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal got "spliced."

THE FIGHT BETWEEN HEBMAN AND MAYERS.—This disgraceful affair, which the English authorities seem to have winked at, took place early on the morning of the 17th of April. It lasted two hours and eight minutes, when the excitement became so great that the crowd broke down the barriers and the police intervened, leaving the fight undecided.

Both the combatants were dreadfully injured, and Hebmans was nearly blind. Up more are devoted as to who was the best fighter, if it is a matter of any consequence—Thirty-seven rounds were fought, both combatants winning a "punch" worthy of a nobler cause. Bill's life accuses Hebmans of unfair conduct in the rounds fought after the withdrawal of the referee.

The account would lead to the belief that the ring was broken up, because Hebmans seemed to have so decided an advantage. Among those present, the *London Times* says, were eighty seven noblemen, and a minister from Cambridge—gentlemen of all ranks—sects, parties, nations, and creeds. A fact full of disgrace to England.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—As we go to press, we have nothing definite from Charleston. The vote has not yet been taken even on the platform. A great deal of excitement and feeling have characterized the proceedings so far.

The latest news of Florence Ni, bingle is, that she is so weak that she is compelled to remain in a reclining position.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

In the town of Reggio, in Italy, there formerly lived a rich old miser, who had passed sixty odd years of his life without ever being troubled by the vagaries of Cupid, when all at once the little god, as if in revenge for the length of time the old man had denied his power, inspired him with a violent passion for a pretty orphan of good family, but so reduced in circumstances that she lived by needle-work. Believing that gold was all-powerful, he made his proposals with very little ceremony; but Bianca, as virtuous as she was pretty, repulsed him with indignation. He then tried the effect of his darling gold upon an aunt with whom she lived, but without any better success. Aunt and niece were alike inexorable: the former became ten times more vigilant than ever over her young charge, and the latter completely secluded herself, never appearing even at her window. All this severity, however, did not daunt the miser, who, judging by his own heart, supposed it was a feat to enhance the price of her favors. He accordingly employed an old woman to plead his cause with her, and she readily undertook, on the promise of a handsome sum, to render her propitious to his wishes.

The old woman soon found, however, that her task was a hopeless one; but, not willing to lose the promised reward, she contrived to amuse Brandini from time to time, with hopes which she very well knew to be vain. By these means she extracted from him a little money; but, impatient at the smallness of her gains, she determined to venture upon a bold stroke, in order to make the old miser draw his purse-strings.

"Good news!" cried she one day, coming to him with joy in her face; "your pretty Bianca is at last inclined to be more kind. Her aunt is gone to visit a sick friend, and will not return to-night; and if she sees you under her windows about eleven o'clock, there is no knowing whether she may not be tempted to let you in."

The delighted miser made the old woman a handsome present, and did not fail to repair to the appointed spot before the hour agreed upon. He walked up and down for some time in vain; so full of the hopes he had conceived, that he did not perceive he was the object of attention to a man wrapped up in a cloak, who watched all his motions. This was a young student, who was also an admirer of Bianca, but without any better success than our miser. Till now, he had considered his mistress's virtue as the cause of her disdain, but the sight of Brandini put other notions in his head; he had, as he believed, a rival, and he determined to discover who he was, and to seek revenge.

During some time, Brandini waited patiently enough; he then began to cough, hem, and give sundry tokens of his approach; finding these all disregarded, and it being past midnight, he determined to climb up to the balcony.

No sooner did he begin to climb, than the student, regarding it as a confirmation of all his suspicions, snatched up a stone, and flung it with all his force at Brandini, whom it hit on the forehead, and he fell back on the pavement, and expired.

The student, who had acted from the impulse of the moment, was equally grieved and alarmed at the consequence of his imprudence. He fled from the spot—but, before he had gone far, he began to reflect on the risk he ran if the body should be found before the door of a woman of whom he was known to be enamored. He thought that the best plan he could follow to secure himself from suspicion, would be to remove the corpse to some distance. Accordingly he returned, lifted the body on his shoulders—after first wiping the blood from the forehead—carried it some distance, and placing it upright against the first door he came to, hastened away. But he strove in vain to quiet the tumult of his mind; and apprehending that his guilt would be discovered, he quitted the town.

It so chanced that the house against which the student had placed the corpse, belonged to an old captain, one of the most capricious and quarrelsome inhabitants of the city. He was in the habit of sitting up late, and happening to go to the window just before he retired to bed, he saw by the light of the moon, which was then just risen, a man leaning against the door. "What are you doing there?" cried he, in an authoritative tone. The other, of course, made no answer. The captain repeated his question; and, increased at receiving no reply, he swore a round oath that if the intruder did not instantly quit his door he would give him a good drubbing.

Finding his threat ineffectual, he hastily descended to put it into execution. No sooner had he opened the door than the corpse lost its balance and fell upon him. Conceiving himself about to be attacked, the sturdy old veteran seized the supposed assassin by the throat, threw him down, and began to belabor him with all his might. At last, seeing that the other lay still, and neither struggled nor spoke, he became alarmed, tried to raise the man, and soon perceived that he was dead.

His affright and horror were increased on finding that it was the miser to whom he owed a large sum of money. For some moments he gave himself up as lost; but the possibility of concealing his crime presently occurred to him. He took the unfortunate miser upon his shoulders, crossed two or three streets, and placed him against a column under the gateway of a magnificent mansion belonging to a young nobleman. He then made off as fast as he could, and returned, hoping that he had secured himself from discovery. He tried to comfort himself for what had happened, by reflecting that it was the man's own fault, and that the crime of murder could not with justice be imputed to him, since he had no intention of committing it; but all his endeavors could not stifle his terror and his remorse.

loosing his hold, the unfortunate miser fell, of course, to the ground. The nobleman, perceiving that he did not move, concluded that he was drunk. He first tried to assist him to rise. In stooping for that purpose, he perceived that Brandini was dead, and naturally concluded that it was either the shake or the fall that had killed him.

On examining the corpse, he found, with grief and surprise, that it was that of the miser, with whom he was publicly known to be at enmity, in consequence of some judicial proceedings that Brandini had instituted against him for the recovery of a debt. Believing, therefore, that his own safety might be compromised if the body was found before his door, he raised it on his shoulders, and carrying it into the street where the captain lived, placed it in a leaning attitude against his very door.

Not long afterwards, the veteran, unable to rest, came again to his window. What was his horror and astonishment when he perceived the miser close to his door! At first he thought it was the ghost of the murdered man; but in a few moments the truth flashed upon his mind, and he determined to take a desperate method of ridding himself of this evidence of his crime.

He went down stairs, brought the corpse into his house, dressed it completely in an Algerine habit that he had taken in the field of battle when those barbarians made a descent upon Reggio some years before, clapped a turban upon its head, placed it upon a horse, to which he took care to tie it with a strong rope, and then leading the horse by the bridle to the gate of the town, he abandoned the steed to its fate; trusting by these means to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was.

The animal, left thus to its own guidance, followed the high road for a considerable time; at last it stopped to graze, and at that moment the student, who, unfortunately for himself, was travelling in the same direction, came up. No sooner did he distinguish the dress of the horseman, than he took to flight without daring to look behind him; believing, probably, that the Moor had made a new descent, and that he was about to be surrounded by them.

But, in flying, the poor student reckoned without his host; for he, too, happened to be mounted, and the quicker he went, the faster his pursuer galloped after him. In vain did he put spurs to his steed; with all his efforts, he could keep little ahead of his adversary.

After proceeding in this way about three miles, the runaway began to take heart, when he saw that his pursuer was not joined by any others of this terrible nation. He found that, in a few moments, the Algerine would certainly overtake him, and he thought that, perhaps, he might daunt him by assuming a show of bravery. Accordingly, he faced round with a determined air, and called to his formidable adversary to take another way, or take the consequences.

Instead of stopping, the Algerine galloped furiously up, and the student, who waited for him sword in hand, severed, at one blow, his head from his body; the head, falling, dropped from the turban, and discovered to the astonished student the features of his victim.

Horror-struck at this terrible sight, he turned his horse, and galloped like a madman; but finding himself still pursued by the headless horseman, he directly conceived that he was the prey of an evil spirit; terror then gave him strength, he flew rather than galloped, till he reached a small town, where he was stopped, as well as his formidable pursuer. He was immediately taken before the justice of the peace, to whom he made a voluntary confession of his guilt; but the affair appeared so singular, that it was referred to the Duke of Reggio, who, setting on foot a strict inquiry, soon discovered all the circumstances of the affair, and as it was apparent that neither the student, nor the other persons concerned in it, had been intentionally guilty of murder, they were all pardoned.

PARTING.

Lay my head on thy loving breast,
There alone hath it perfect rest.

There do its painful throbbings cease,
While in their stead come sweetest peace.

Thou art with me, and I with thee,
But thus it cannot always be.

One must go mourning of love bereft,
One must be taken, the other left.

Thou couldst not live in this world alone,
I should be wretched if thou wert gone.

How couldst thou lay me off thy breast,
Into the cold tomb's lonely rest?

How could I turn away from thee,
When this earth should thy pillow be?

Unto that sleep in the grave so low,
If but together we might go.

Calmly then could I yield my breath,
Fearing no more the sting of death.

OMNES DE PERDUCULIS ET TELAMONE.—In 1682, Galileo, then a youth of eighteen, was seated in the Cathedral of Pisa, when the lamps suspended from the roof were replenished by the sacristan, who, in doing so, caused them to oscillate from side to side, as they had done hundreds of times before when similarly disturbed. He watched the lamps and thought he perceived that while the oscillations were diminishing, they still occupied the same time. The idea thus suggested never departed from his mind, and fifty years afterwards he constructed the first pendulum, thus gave the world one of the most important instruments for the measurement of time. Afterwards, when living at Venice, it was reported to him one day that the children of a poor spectacle-maker, while playing with two glasses, had observed, as they had expressed it, that things were brought nearer by looking through them in a certain position. Everybody said how curious, but Galileo seized the idea and invented the first telescope.

A milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great profit (profit) out of the water.

NOTES ON NURSING:

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

AS TO DIARRHŒA.—The question is sometimes put, Is there diarrhœa? And the answer will be the same, whether it is just merging into cholera, whether it is a trifling degree brought on by some trifling indiscretion, which will cease the moment the cause is removed, or whether there is no diarrhœa at all, but simply relaxed bowels.

It is useless to multiply instances of this kind. As long as observation is so little cultivated as it is now, I do believe that it is better for the physician not to see the friends of the patient at all. They will often mislead him than not. And as often by making the patient out worse as better than he really is.

In the case of infants, everything must depend upon the accurate observation of the nurse or mother who has to report. And how seldom is this condition of accuracy fulfilled.

MEANS OF CULTIVATING SOUND AND READY OBSERVATION.—A celebrated man, though celebrated only for foolish things, has told us that one of his main objects in the education of his son, was to give him a ready habit of accurate observation, a certainty of perception, and that for this purpose one of his means was a month's course as follows:—He took the boy rapidly past a toy-shop; the father and son then described to each other as many of the objects as they could, which they had seen in passing the windows, noting them down with pencil and paper, and returning afterwards to verify their own accuracy. The boy always succeeded best, e.g., if the father described 30 objects, the boy did 40, and scarcely ever made a mistake.

I have often thought how wise a piece of education this would be for much higher objects, and in our calling of nurses the thing itself is essential. For it may safely be said, not that the habit of ready and correct observation will by itself make us useful nurses, but that without it we shall be useless with all our devotion.

I have known a nurse in charge of a set of wards, who not only carried in her head all the little varieties in the diets which each patient was allowed to fix for himself, but also exactly what each patient had taken during each day. I have known another nurse in charge of one single patient, who took away his meals day after day all but untouched, and never knew it.

If you find it helps you to note down such things on a bit of paper, in pencil, by all means do so. I think it more often lames than strengthens the memory and observation. But if you cannot get the habit of observation one way or other, you had better give up the being a nurse, for it is not your calling, however kind and anxious you may be.

Surely you can learn at least to judge with the eye how much an oz. of solid food is, how much an oz. of liquid. You will find this helps your observation and memory very much, you will then say to yourself,—"A. took about an ounce of his meat to-day;" "B. took three times in 24 hours about a pint of beef tea;" instead of saying "B. has taken nothing all day," or "I gave A. his dinner as usual."

SOUND AND READY OBSERVATION ESSENTIAL IN A NURSE.—I have known several of our real old-fashioned hospital "sisters," who could, as accurately as a measuring glass, measure out all their patients' wine and medicine by the eye, and never be wrong. I do not recommend this; one must be very sure of one's self to do it. I only mention it, because if a nurse can by practice measure medicine by the eye, surely she is no nurse who cannot measure by the eye about how much food (in oz.) her patient has taken. In hospitals those who cut up the diets give with sufficient accuracy.

It may be too broad an assertion, and it certainly sounds like a paradox. But I think that in no country are women to be found so deficient in ready and sound observation as in England, while peculiarly capable of being trained to it. The French or Irish woman is too quick of perception to be so sound an observer; the Teuton is too slow to be so ready an observer as the English woman might be. Yet English women lay themselves open to the charge so often made against them by men, viz. that they are not to be trusted in handicrafts to which their strength is quite equal, for want of a practised and steady observation. In countries where women (with average intelligence) are employed, e.g., in dispensing, men responsible for what these women do (not theorizing about men's and women's "missions"), have stated that they preferred the services of women to that of men, as being more exact, more careful, and incurring fewer mistakes of inadvertence.

Now certainly English women are peculiarly capable of attaining to this.

I remember, when a child, hearing the story of an accident, related by some one who sent two girls to fetch a bottle of sal volatile from her room.

"Mary could not stir," she said, "Fanny ran and fetched a bottle that was not sal volatile, and that was not in my room."

Now this sort of thing pursues every one through life. A woman is asked to fetch a large new bound red book, lying on the table by the window, and she fetches five small old bound brown books lying on the shelf by the fire. And this, though she has "put that room to rights" every day for a month perhaps, and must have observed the books every day, lying in the same places, for a month, if she had any observation.

Habitual observation is the more necessary, when any sudden call arises. If "Fanny" had observed "the bottle of sal volatile" in "the aunt's room," every day she was there, she would more probably have found it when it was suddenly wanted.

There are two causes for these mistakes of inadvertence. 1. A want of ready attention; only a part of the request is heard at all. 2. A want of the habit of observation.

To a nurse I would add, take care that you always put the same things in the same places; you don't know how suddenly you may be called on some day to find something, and may not be able to remember in your haste where you yourself had put it, if your memory is not in the habit of seeing the things there always.

rary, to each patient, his 12 oz. or his 6 oz. or his 5 oz. of meat without weighing. Yet a nurse will often have patients loathing all food and incapable of any will to get well, who just tumble over the contents of the plate or dip the spoon in the cup to deceive the nurse, and she will take it away without ever seeing that there is just the same quantity of food as when she brought it, and she will tell the doctor, too, that the patient has eaten all his diet as usual, when all she ought to have meant is that she has taken away his diet as usual.

Now what kind of a nurse is this?

DIFFERENCE OF EXCITABLE AND ACCUMULATIVE TEMPERAMENTS.—I would call attention to something else, in which nurses frequently fall in observation. There is a well-marked distinction between the excitable and what I will call the accumulative temperament in patients. One will blaze up at once, under any shock or anxiety, and sleep very comfortably after it; another will seem quite calm, and even torpid, under the same shock, and people say, "He hardly felt it at all," yet you will find him some time after slowly sinking. The same remark applies to the action of narcotics, of aperients, which, in the one, take effect directly, in the other not perhaps for twenty-four hours. A journey, a visit, an unwelcome exertion, will affect the one immediately, but he recovers after it; the other bears it very well at the time, apparently, and dies or is prostrated for life by it. People often say how difficult the excitable temperament is to manage. I say how difficult is the accumulative temperament. With the first you have an outbreak which you could anticipate, and it is all over. With the second you never know where you are—you never know when the consequences are over. And it requires your closest observation to know what are the consequences of what—for the consequence by no means follows immediately upon the antecedent—and coarse observation is utterly at fault.

SUPERSTITION THE FRUIT OF BAD OBSERVATION.—Almost all superstitions are owing to bad observation, to the past bad, *ergo* proper hoc; and bad observers are almost all superstitious. Farmers used to attribute disease among cattle to witchcraft; weddings have been attributed to seeing one magpie, deaths to seeing three; and I have heard the most highly educated now a days draw consequences for the sick closely resembling these.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DISEASE LITTLE KNOWN BY THE NURSE.—Another remark: although there is unquestionably a physiology of disease as well as of health; of all parts of the body, the face is perhaps the one which tells the least to the common observer or the casual visitor. Because, of all parts of the body, it is the one most exposed to other influences, besides health. And people never, or scarcely ever, observe enough to know how to distinguish between the effect of exposure, of robust health, of a tender skin, of a tendency to congestion, of suffusion, flushing, or many other things. Again, the face is often the last to show emaciation. I should say that the hand was a much surer test than the face, both as to flesh, color, circulation, &c., &c. It is true that there are some diseases which are only betrayed at all by something in the face, e.g., the eye or the tongue, as great irritability of brain by the appearance of the pupil of the eye. But we are talking of casual, not minute, observation. And few minute observers will hesitate to say that far more trustworthy than truth conveyed by the oft-repeated words, *He looks well, or ill, or better or worse.*

Wonderful is the way in which people will go upon the slightest observation, or often upon no observation at all, or upon some such which the world's experience, if it had any, would have pronounced utterly false long ago. I have known patients dying of sheer pain, exhaustion, and want of sleep, from one of the most lingering and painful diseases known, preserve, till within a few days of death, not only the healthy color of the cheek, but the mottled appearance of a robust child. And scores of times have I heard these unfortunate creatures assailed with, "I am glad to see you looking so well." "I see no reason why you should not live till ninety years of age." "Why don't you take a little more exercise and amusement," with all the other common places with which we are so familiar.

There is, unquestionably, a physiology of disease. Let the nurse learn it.

The experienced nurse can always tell that a person has taken a narcotic the night before by the paleness of the color about the face, when the reaction of depression has set in; that very color which the inexperienced will point to as a proof of health.

There is, again, a faintness, which does not betray itself by the color at all, or in which the patient becomes brown instead of white. There is a faintness of another kind which, it is true, can always be seen by the paleness.

But the nurse seldom distinguishes. She will talk to the patient who is too faint to move, without the least scruple, unless he is pale, and unless, luckily for him, the muscles of the throat are affected and he loses his voice.

Yet these two faintnesses are perfectly distinguishable, by the mere countenance of the patient.

PECULIARITIES OF PATIENTS.—Again, the nurse must distinguish between the idiosyncrasies of patients. One likes to suffer out all his suffering alone, to be as little looked after as possible. Another likes to be perpetually made much of and pitied, and to have some one always by him. Both these peculiarities might be observed and indulged much more than they are. For quite as often does it happen that a busy attendance is forced upon the first patient, who wishes for nothing but to be "let alone," as that the second is left to think himself neglected.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN APRIL SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hebe of months, sweet April,
Delicate, fresh, divine!
Fain would I sing thy halcyon
Shower's, and thy faint sunshine.

The scent of thy budding orchards,
The virginal blush of green,
Thy winds that wrinkle the brooklets,
And tremble young leaves between—

But how may thy floating shadows
And rays light be sung?
Oh, had I, fair month of caprices,
True poet's melodious tongue.

Then were the song I am singing,
Of thee, sweet April, a part;
Alive with thy magical beauty,
And with the warmth of my heart.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE INDIAN ART OF TRACKING.

I know of nothing in the woodman's education of so much importance, or so difficult to acquire, as the art of trailing or tracking men and animals. To become an adept in this art requires the constant practice of years, and with some men a lifetime does not suffice to learn it. * * * I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made. At another time, as I was travelling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear track, with a distinctly marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, "Oh, no, captain, may be so he no bear track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that when the wind was blowing, the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.—*Captain Marcy.*

THE UNIVERSAL METAMORPHOSIS.—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear.—In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectre of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession, will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE KAFFIRS.—Naturally, no Kaffir works: all his work is done by his wives, while he sits gossiping and smoking. The marketable value of wives as domestic slaves is so fully recognized, that it has produced a curious inversion of the ordinary customs of courtship and marriage. A Kaffir is never a suitor, and what is still worse, he never has any choice in the selection of his wives. If he is a nice young man, and an eligible match, an anxious mother is driven to have recourse to no discreditable manoeuvres for the purpose of securing the grand catch. She—or rather her husband—simply sends the daughter off to him, with a request that he will marry her; and he dares not refuse under penalty of a death-fine. As polygamy is unlimited, he, of course, cannot plead a previous attachment; and as a wife is, by her labor, a positive source of wealth, he is not allowed to escape under the excuse of poverty. But to a race thus generally exempt from labor, a life of labor is insupportably repulsive. The colonists find that though, under the stimulus of his avarice, a Kaffir will work well for a short time, yet that, after a few weeks or months, the yearning for his old life is too strong for the love of money to overcome.—*Dr. Mann.*

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.—We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart falls him. The plough comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over, without a home, his heart says: "Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is gone to ruin.

INFLUENCE OF FICTION.—It is from true fiction—from the living products of the creative imagination—children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. True and pure fiction is the parent truth—the natural and necessary aliment for the young imagination, through the quickening of which faculty alone, the other faculties of mind and heart are test unfolded, even if they be at all unfolded in any other way.—*Dr. Oldham.*

SOME HIDDEN WANT.

Thy strange that from some hidden want
The life-warm stream of love should spring.

That though resemblances be scant,
We love in differing.

All through the wide domain of Earth
The eternal law abideth good.

That sweetly linked by common birth,
Though scarcely understood.

The elder sister loves the child,
The weaker the strong, the calm the wild.

By gentle streams in meadows low
The poplar rears its pride.

The little health where fresh winds blow
Loveth the upland wide.

The mountain from its rugged breast
The little brooklet feeds.

The broad stream, well-nigh tired, to rest,
Creeps through the level meads.

The simple child with trustful look
Comes to the lap of age.

The old man closing life's long book
Dreams that the sweetest page,

So fresh, so bright, so undefined,
Was childhood's first, and draws the child

Home to his aged heart again,
Simple through knowledge and through pain.

And links together all the seven,
The ages that are nearest heaven.

EDMUND SANDERS.

GUTTORY.—The rich man's mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see. You take at dinner, soup; a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with it, may be, an oyster pate, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and French beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hook or sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge, or the lack of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once sit at ease, and chill your heated stomach with a piece of ice pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of new-year, or some other liqueur; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton, and a piquant salad and a glass of port thereafter. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now, put all these things together in a bowl, instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.—*Dr. Carlyn.*

A physician of acrimonious disposition, who had a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and in the course of conversation approached the profession of the latter with phrases utterly unintelligible. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what you lawyers mean by docking and entail." "That is very likely," answered the lawyer, "but I will explain it to you. It is doing what you doctors rarely consent to—suffering a recovery."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE AUREST.

Being afflicted with deafness in his left ear, he applied to Mr. Stevenson, an aurist, whose operation not only failed, but placed his patient in imminent danger, from which he was saved by the timely aid of Dr. Hume. The grief and mortification of Mr. Stevenson, when he heard of the results of his practice, knew no bounds. He hastened to Aspley House, and being admitted to the Duke's presence, expressed himself as any right-minded person under the circumstances would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kindest manner.

"Don't say a word about it; you acted for the best; but it has been unfortunate, no doubt, for both of us; but you are not to blame."

Grateful for this reception, Mr. Stevenson went on to say—

"But it will be the ruin of me. Nobody will employ me any more, when they hear that I have been the cause of such suffering and danger to your grace."

"Why should they hear anything about it?" replied the Duke; "keep your own counsel, and depend upon it, I won't say a word to any one."

"Then your grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show them that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me?"

"No," replied the Duke, still kindly, but firmly, "I can't do that, for that would be a lie."

So strong, even in a case which made no common appeal to his generosity, was the Duke's love of truth. He would not set a falsehood any more than he would speak one.—*Brinsford's Life of Wellington.*

MIA BELLA.

BY H. L. FLASH.

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red;
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every need.

She walks the earth with such a grace
That the lilies turn to look,
And wave rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow,
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And 'tween the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm,
That in the general stir
They twist them from the mother branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And, what is stronger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
Oh! she is Nature's paragon—
All innocent of art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the Spring again shall flush
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreath of orange flowers,
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For oh! the star-beam of her love
Is light enough for me.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO LADIES.

The following satirical sketch is abridged and translated or imitated from the French of M. Alphonse Karr. Of course the French writer is describing French women alone. It would be absurd to imagine that the weaknesses attributed to them by their witty compatriots, are in any way shared by the women of America. We feel it necessary to state our opinion on this point beforehand, in order to avert the wrath of our female subscribers. The scene is laid at the seaside—say Dieppe.

"It is very warm, madam."
"Very warm, indeed."
"Not so warm as yesterday, however."
"Yesterday I was not so out. I had to write to my husband, and he is never satisfied unless I cover, at least, eight pages of letter paper."
When two women meet and converse for the first time, the first thing each endeavors to establish is, that somewhere or other there exists a man who has rendered sufficient justice to her attractions to commit the folly of marrying her; then, that this man is some one very important and very rich; next to that, that he is very much struck with his wife, who is comparatively indifferent about him; and, finally, that he is completely ruled by her.

The first lady having stated that her husband requires her to send him letters eight pages long; the second feels very much inclined to say that her husband would blow his brains out unless he received, every day, letters sixteen pages long, but she thinks of something more ingenious.

"I do not write at all just now," she answers. "The fact is, I left Paris rather annoyed with M. de Clairval; he did not wish me to come to the seaside, but I was determined I would. What can possibly make you want to shut yourself up in some miserable place by the sea," she said to me, "instead of passing the summer months at your chateau where you could receive your friends?" It is true that he had spent enormous sums on his estate in order to make it agreeable to me, but I had made up my mind to go to the seaside, and off I started with no one but my maid. M. de Clairval will be annoyed for a few days, and then, all at once, he will follow me.

"As for me, I brought no one with me. My husband is obliged to receive during my absence; he cannot do so without his coachman, his cook, his butler, and so on, and my maid keeps the house for him. She is a very clever girl, and, as she has been a long while in the family, she can be trusted with anything."

"For my part, I never go anywhere without mine. She is very much attached to me. She has been very little in service. Before living with me, she was with the Duchess of —, so that she thoroughly understands what a woman of a certain position requires. I spoil her a little. M. de Clairval was only saying last week, that she seemed to change her dress every day, whereas I often wear the same dress three days running."

"For my part I am not sorry to have left Paris. I passed a most dreary winter. Every day people to dinner; a party, at least, once a week, composed of persons who are, no doubt, very useful to the State, and very celebrated, but who talk nothing but politics. Then there was my husband, always at the Chamber during the day, and, when he did come home, overwhelmed with business."

"Your husband is a member of Deputies?"
"Yes," replied the other, as if she attached no sort of importance to the fact, after taking such pains to mention it.
"I am more fortunate than you in that respect. M. de Clairval will not hear a word about politics in the present state of affairs; the aristocracy keeps aloof; at the proper moment it will come forward, &c."

To hear these two ladies, you might imagine they were bird-catchers, showing what beautiful birds they had taken.
"See how clever I am," one of them says; "what beautiful tea-box my bird has."
"Mine is quite as handsome," replies the other, "and how well he sings."

Then, when there is nothing more to be said about the husband, their merits, their affections, and so on, they come to positive proofs.

"That is a very pretty dress of yours."

For the affection of a husband is not demonstrated by his attention and care; all that is deceptive, and means nothing whatever. The only precise, mathematical visible proof of his love, is to be found in the victims he sacrifices to his divinity. You say your husband adores you! I am not to be taken in by mere phrases. Let me see what dresses he gives you.
"Women only adorn themselves in order to excite one another's envy." (Goethe.)

The first lady has said, "That is a very pretty dress of yours."
"Merely a morning dress," is of course the answer.

"Yes, it is very nice for early in the day." The proprietress of the dress, who had only expressed a disparaging opinion of it, in the hope of eliciting a protest, is annoyed at the other agreeing with her so readily. She loses no time in adding—"It has certainly this merit, that it is impossible to find one like it. Only one piece was made at Lyons, and I bought the whole of it."

In a woman's life, everything leads to a new dress; everything ends with a new dress; every circumstance is marked by a new dress; and the dress is always the most important point. A girl is going to be married—a dress. For a moment her heart is filled with love, thoughts of an entirely new existence, and of a long separation from her parents. Everything disappears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding dress.

A relation dies. The grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the morning has to be thought of. What are people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow? It is necessary to go to the linen-draper's to the dress-maker's, to the milliner's, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied, that there is quite an end to lamentation, unless, however, the dress does not happen to fit, or the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an involuntary glow; they are triumphant, they are happy.

Listen to these verses, written by a dying poet to his wife; she was a blonde:

"My fair one, my fair one, alas! it appears
That the doctor my speedy departure announces;
And you ask yourself wildly, with eyes full of tears,
If your first morning dress shall be plain, or
With frounces."

"For evils like these let your dark women care,
For them on the terrors of mourning to dwell,
It makes them look dingy. But you who are fair,
Will soon be consoled, black becomes you so well."

THE FIRST DEBT.

Admiral Jervis, of the British navy, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, in telling the story of his early struggles, speaks, among other things, of his determination to keep out of debt—"My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds sterling at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, (at sea,) I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at the rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and, having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill, and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank.

It is easy for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation, but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course—debt followed debt, as he followed lie.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Burke said that Hume in compiling his History did not give himself a great deal of trouble in examining records, &c.; and that the part he most labored at was the reign of King Charles II, for whom he had an unaccountable partiality.

"Dr. Beattie, with whom I dined at Sir J. Reynolds' in July, 1787, mentioned that Mr. Hume was a very tall, large man, near six feet high, and his countenance rather vacant. All that knew him concur in opinion of his having been a very unaffected, good humored man. He acknowledged to Mr. Boswell, that he did not take much pains in examining the old historians while writing the early part of his history. He dipped only into them, so as to make out a pleasing narrative. It is surprising, on examining any particular point, how superficial Hume is, and how many particulars are omitted that would have made his book much more entertaining; but perhaps we have no right to expect this in a general history.—Malone.

THE FIRST BABY.—A writer in a Sandwich Island paper thinks Eve must have been a little perplexed, when, having seen only the full grown man Adam, she was called upon to administer to the infant Cain. Doubtless she was a little astonished at the appearance of "the little stranger," and at times found some embarrassment in managing him. She had no old nurse to consult, nor convenient Aunt Dorothy to call in. Yet the little Cain did not suffer on that account, as is evident from the fact that he grew up to a lusty youth. Every baby is a perpetual surprise to its mother; what an astonishment, therefore, must the first baby have been to the first mother!

Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a wag-gish author remarked, that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

HAUNTED;

OR,
THE THIRD WIFE.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNA HOLLAND.

A Desolate House. The Housekeeper's Daughter. A Great Disappointment.

Richard Trevor sat the second time alone in his beautiful home. In the great east room, where were lounges and easy chairs, and every suggestive of comfort that one can appreciate, the man with his white, hollow cheeks and glassy eyes, seemed doubly desolated.

The fire, leaping and dancing, made pictures, shadowy ones, while it threw in strong relief now and then the massive flames under which form and color glowed, wrought into artistic beauty. Here and there a marble form gleamed out—rich tiles disclosed themselves charily—for there was no lamp-light, only the fitful, weird red and gold flashes leaping from oaken logs.

What was that dim, white object in one corner—so dim that it was revealed strongly only when the flame put on additional vigor—so white when it did that it shone ghastly? Only a basket stand delicately woven, a piece of white cambric thrown over it as if to shroud it. But underneath there were tokens of what had hitherto filled this great room with life and beauty. A thimble, dainty and golden—little cushions flecked with chaste embroidery, bits of shining fabric—laces in which yet lay the slender needles that had fallen from weary fingers. Yes, that was the work basket of Carrie Trevor, the worshipped wife of eighteen months—the second bride brought into the house of his fathers by Richard Trevor, the millionaire.

Strange he could not keep his wife, the neighbors said, with many mysterious head-shaking. He was rich enough—and they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. There were his carriages and his horses, there was his country-house, fit for a palace—and he himself was irreproachable in his life—a good man—kind to his poor—gentle to everybody; and a better husband no woman need have.

Yet they sickened and died, both within two years after their bridal. Their graves could be seen in the new cemetery, where the choicest flowers bloomed in summer, shuddering perfume without stint where no pulses beat quicker for their beauty.

Wilburton Hall, the city home of Richard Trevor, was a grand old building, bequeathed him by his mother, whose maiden name it bore. Though in the heart of a populous city, it stood in the shelter and shadow of huge trees, almost hidden from the passer by. Ivy, of nearly the growth of a century, climbed its massive walls, and made cool, deep curtains over the window tops. Within were

"The column and the arch,
The sculptured marble, and the breathing gold."
Richard Trevor had been left an orphan when not yet ten years of age. At that time he had a governess, Madam Hamilton, a widow lady, who had ingratiated herself so firmly in the regards of Mrs. Trevor, that the latter made her a confidante and companion, and in her will stipulated that the governess should have a home in Wilburton Hall during the rest of her life. Madam Hamilton had one daughter, a year older than the little Richard, and being in reality an artful and designing woman, she decided that if the thing were possible, her only child should marry this heir to millions. For this she labored constantly. She had saved money in considerable sums, and these she determined should be lavished upon the little Maggie Hamilton as she grew up to young ladyhood. Maggie was a disagreeable child, impulsive, hot tempered, and in spite of her mother's caution, forcing it in such a style over the more passive boy, that her name became a synonym of intense hate to him while he was yet a child. She possessed some beauty, but her face, though sparkling and winning, was often too boldly charming, and still oftener disfigured with frowns and pettishness.

When Richard returned from college, the unwelcome quiet young man, with ways that caused him to be called old foggyish and odd, Maggie had grown into a splendid girl of twenty. Her mother's beams had made her perfect in all the arts of allurements.

Not in vain had she studied colors, costumes, and postures—nor had her voice been put under rigid culture for nothing. It was a grand voice, thrilling the soul to its profoundest depths—and, outwardly, she was a grand woman. Richard often compared her to a queen, but he never thought of loving her. She, on the contrary, filled with rich hopes, and sufficed with promises, as she had been for so many years, gave him her whole heart unasked. His pale, though full face had for her a charm beyond all others—and then his gold! Times innumerable had she fancied herself mistress of Wilburton Hall. She had planned the house over again and again. This room should be widened—these chambers thrown into one. Gilding should take the place of pandling, her boudoir should be a mirror of beauty. She did not know Richard Trevor, and flattered and coaxed, smiling for him at all times—assenting to all his opinions. He, meantime, treated her as a friend, but one whom other experiences had caused him to distrust.

One morning Maggie came cold and white into her mother's room. Her hair was in the order, her eyes strained and bloodshot, and pressed hard against her breast she held something in her locked hands.

Her mother looked up, frightened, inquiringly.
"For heaven's sake, child, what is the matter?" she asked; and the only reply was, "I have found something."

The hollow voice and strained, right face struck new terror to the widow's heart. She caught the girl by the shoulders, and swayed her to and fro, to bring life in her dead white face.

"Let me see, child; what have you found? Do you wish to kill me with fear?"
"It will kill me," muttered the girl.

"Maggie, tell me what it is—I command you!" exclaimed Madam Hamilton.
"Only this," and a bitter laugh issued from the parted lips, while she undonched her hands and allowed a miniature to slide into her mother's lap.

A fair, fresh, angelic face met the hard glance of the widow—a face at once gentle and wise—mirthful and hopeful. Its style of beauty was the very opposite of Maggie Hamilton—for here were fair locks of a sunny auburn, blue eyes, dreamy and delicately veiled by dark lashes, and a complexion white and bright as new fallen snow.

"Where in the world did you get this, Maggie?" the mother's voice trembled.

"In his room," was the answer.
The girl had sunk to the floor, and there she crouched, part of her long black hair falling over her face and covering her hands, in which her forehead was pressed.

"Child, you did not go in there?"
"Yes, I did—I have meant to a long while. The groom came with a message this morning—there is a great sale of horses at Wellmount—I heard him tell Richard's man, who said he must let Mr. Trevor know immediately, for he was anxious to purchase some horses. So Richard went away in a hurry; said he should not be home till noon. I meant to see what kept him there so long, and I went in through the door leading from the back staircase—I knew it was open. At first I was frightened, for there were bones on the table, and a skull, besides a number of knives and saws, surgical instruments, I suppose. There were bottles filled with specimens, and a number of curious things, I couldn't tell what. But at last—the girl gasped, and pressed her hands more tightly, her voice grew lower and she seemed to shut her teeth over it—"At last I came to his writing table; there lay the miniature, and there—"

"She paused for a moment, as if suffocated, but presently continued—

"There, too, I saw a note—he had left it in his hurry—and at the top, all I dared to read, were the words, 'Dearest Rosa.' Oh, mother, and here is the end of my visions! I shall die! I shall die!"
She sobbed hysterically, then springing to her feet, took a few rapid, passionate strides up and down the room. Then coming back to her mother, she fell on her knees, and looking in her face with eyes grown black and hard again, she cried, rapidly,
"If this does not kill me, I shall hate him!—hate him as mightily as I love him now!"

"Hush! hush!" said Madam Hamilton, but her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and seemed almost as lifeless and strained as her daughter's were; "I tell you this may be nothing; some college attachment to a silly girl, so she seems; all young men of his age write to some lady—perhaps to two or three. I don't believe there is anything in it. I'm sure he looks so admirably at you."

"Ah, but there's one way he looks," Maggie went on in the same low voice and rapid utterance, "one way he looks as he never did on me. It was once—no, twice—I caught him standing before the old picture down stairs—that Murillo—and oh! how his soul went out! I could almost see it caressing the dumb canvas."

"It is a beautiful picture," said her mother.
"Yes, very like," he replied, and started. Then a warm flush spread over his face, and he bit his lip, and smiled as if inwardly to himself. "I mean," he added, "I was going to say, it resembles a young lady I've—hated there—have seen."

"Oh, mother! if he had said, instead, 'I love,' the words would not have been plainer than his eyes made them. What shall I be, mother, if I am not his wife? You, who have trained me to expect this, answer!"
She had risen, and her eyes shone terribly.
"You are foolish; make him love you!" said Mrs. Hamilton, and her voice sounded, like her daughter's, dry and harsh.

"I cannot! I have tried," said Maggie, helplessly. "I can tell," she added, in ejaculatory sentences, "all his praise means nothing. He admires my voice—he, in a way, admires me—my good looks, my taste—oh! he does! but he never will love me!"
"You are a foolish child!" exclaimed her mother, almost weeping as she spoke.

"You have said so once before," said Maggie, bitterly, "but who has made me so? Have I not been led to expect, every moment of my existence—"

"Hush!" cried her mother, "there is a noise in the house. What if Mr. Richard has returned? Go quick, and put the picture where you found it, or you will be disgraced!"
Thus the impetuous, undisciplined girl learned that she loved too well, and was not loved in return. It seemed to change her whole nature when the young man told them that he should shortly bring a bride home.

"You may stay here, if you will," she said to her mother, fiercely, "but I will die first!"

Still she had been brought up only for pleasure. How could she work? She left Wilburton Hall for a while, but came back soon after Richard had established his wife there—some black embittered, hating all men, everybody, even to her mother. This change broke the heart of poor Madam Hamilton. She took to her bed, and after a long illness, died. Maggie had scarcely allowed herself to be seen by the young married couple, who were very happy together. After the funeral Richard begged her to make Wilburton Hall her home—in the singularity of his heart pleaded with her.

"I cannot—I will not," she said, with choking sobs; and oh! how he pined her, mourning, as he thought, for her mother so bitterly. One favor only she would accept. Should a friend ask for help, or for a situation in her name, perhaps he would grant it.
"On the instant," he said, little dreaming that he was signing two death warrants.

A Death and Promise. A New Housekeeper. Two Funerals and a Sad Heart.

Not long after this, the housekeeper at Wilburton Hall, died. There were many applicants for her place, among them, a woman dressed in deep mourning, elderly in her at-

tire, who said that a friend had sent her there. That friend was Maggie Hamilton.

Both Richard and his wife liked the woman's looks; Richard thought he detected a likeness to his old playmate, and told her so, whereupon she replied that she was a relative.

"I'm sure we shall get along nicely together," said the little child-wife, industriously nipping the thread from a very small garment, with a tiny pair of scissors. She had given but one careless glance at the future housekeeper, and seeing that she was good-looking, fancied her.

A smile, that was at the same time a sneer, passed over the dark features of the woman as she looked towards the seeming helpless creature, all pink and white, perched in the great easy-chair—took in at one glance the richly embroidered cambric of her robe, the wavy gloss of the golden hair, the little hands, and slipped feet. It did not take long to guess what kind of an organization God had given her—timid, sensitive, and utterly dependent. As for Richard, he seemed wholly happy—happy just to stand and look at her—to pick up a stray bit of muslin if it happened to float down—happy to hear her silvery voice in a laugh that was absolutely like that of a little child.

"Rosa," he said, "who will show Mrs. Hamilton—"

"Doom," said the woman, quietly.

"Doom—Doom—what an odd name," he said, smiling.
"Very odd! dreadfully odd, isn't it?" laughed his wife. "Oh! here comes Minnie; she will show you to the housekeeper's room, Mrs. Doom," she added, without rising, or scarcely looking from her work; and laughing again in her innocent way as she pronounced the name.

"Only a room-leaf," muttered the new housekeeper, under her breath, as she turned away after another scrutinizing gaze—while the young girl, the new wife's dressing maid, declared to her mistress, not long after, that the woman took to the house as if she'd been there all her life.

It was not long before the child-wife grew very fond of the new housekeeper, and treated her with a friendliness and a deference that were almost inexplicable to Richard, though proof that he had made a fortunate accession. But very gradually the Rosa seemed to fade—to appear uneasy in his presence—to turn deathly white on the most trivial occasions. Her old, sweet, childish frankness disappeared, and it was hard to win a simple career. The lips blanched—the eyes grew strangely dilated—there were nervous starts and tremors—convulsive bursts of weeping—unnatural lapses into a vivacity that was so unlike her former cheerfulness, that it was almost horrible to see. Still, the fond husband imputed these changes to natural causes, and hoped that when the babe was born, there would be an end of it.

But alas! they told her, when the trying hour came, that the little one was dead.

"I am glad of it!" she cried, with a dry, fatherly laugh; "why should it live, when its father—she checked herself—and turned her face to the wall. Then for days she was silent. Poor, fair little lady! she never arose from that bed. From thence they took her to the coffin—and once more out in the sunshine—but she did not see it. Among all the mourners, none seemed more afflicted than the stately housekeeper. It was a relief to turn from her sad eyes, her ever ready tears.

Poor Richard was stricken as by a mortal sorrow. If she had only died in a different mood—if she had only not lost her tenderness—and alas! he feared her love for him, it had been easier to bear. The poor man reproached himself till he was worn almost to a shadow—and it was thought the dead wife would not long sleep alone under the sweet flowers of spring. The doctors said he must travel; and he not caring much what became of him, perhaps hoping that some great storm might sink the ship in which he took passage, left the new ghost home in care of his housekeeper, and went abroad.

Three years passed, and Wilburton Hall saw another mistress. Richard had brought home a wife from London, the daughter of a peer. In physical conformation she was much like his former bride; if anything, more timid, more retiring, for she had been brought up in seclusion alone, her mother, till her death, having been her principal companion. To the housekeeper she seemed instinctively to turn, declaring that in form and voice she resembled her mother, Mrs. Doom, like a magnet, drew her to confide in and finally to love her. In less than six months, as it had been in the case of the former wife, a change was visible in the delicate Estelle Trevor. She became restless and excitable, but possessing stronger emotional tendencies than Rosa had, she was often petulant than sad, shedding tears for very unusual occasions, and shrinking, at last, within herself, she became silently, morbidly, and permanently unhappy. In vain Richard, who loved her devotedly, lavished attentions and caresses—she either received them with apathy, or utterly refused them. Driven to his wit's end, Richard proposed travelling. She did not want to leave home—she said; amusements did not please her; she was weary.

How the man lived through the hopeless twelve months, he hardly knew, and devotedly as he loved her, it was a relief to close her eyes for the last time, and bear her to the side of his first love, there to leave her till the Judgment Day.

So it happened that Richard came home to Wilburton Hall a stricken man; and, in spite of his large possessions, almost a hopeless one. He had grown thin and haggard; and as he sat there, unheeding how low the fire was getting, he looked like the ghost of a human being, rather than flesh and blood. He was still severely handsome; his brow was as wide and classic in its every outline, his eyes as large and soft as ever, but lines drawn harshly across the one, and unnatural brightness in the other, told how much suffering he must have undergone.

A door opened softly—a tall figure, dressed in deep mourning, stood there, her dark eyes bent full upon the man so motionless, so hag-

garded! Still the woman stood, nor seemed inclined to speak—her lips grew set and colorless; her head went gradually forward in advance of her body; her eyes took on a cold, steel-like expression, and gradually a singular smile fitted over the whole face—a smile that had nothing of life in it—that was shudderingly fearful.

A brand fell to the hearth.
"Is there a curse upon me?" muttered the man, changing his position, and pushing the blackening fragment back into the fire; "must I lose all I love?"

"Mr. Richard," said the low voice, in the dark. He did not hear.

"God pity me!" he almost sobbed.
"Mr. Richard!" said the voice, louder.

"Oh!—he turned abruptly—"Mrs. Doom—come in, madam, come in; what did you have to say to me?"

"Only shall I order tea brought in here as usual—or—"

"No, no; for heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed the man, earnestly, taking a step forward; "anywhere but here—anywhere but here."
"In the round room, perhaps, sir."

"Yes, in the round room; anywhere but here."
In a few moments tea was announced. From the mere force of habit, Richard dragged himself to the table, and sat down, but instead of eating he rested his head on one hand, while he slipped his tea with the other. The housekeeper seemed anxious to dispel his sorrowful mood, and talked of remote objects and interests. At last she said—

"I heard to-day from my relative, Maggie Hamilton."

"Ah! what is she doing?"

"Living not far off, and working hard for her living," was her reply. "I never knew much about her; pray what kind of a girl was she, sir?"

"Oh, a good girl, I don't doubt," was the reply; "but not particularly lovable."
"There was some trouble between you two, I believe," said the housekeeper, untying the ribbons of her cap.

"Between us! Never. What can you mean?"

"I heard—it seems to me—I heard that she liked you, or you liked her; whichever was it?"

"A strange subject to bring up now, of all times," said Richard, pushing himself from the table. "She never liked me that I know of better than a friend, and as to her, I positively disliked the girl. Probably I always shall, as the antipathy commenced in my childhood. I beg you won't believe all you hear, my good Mrs. Doom," he said, in a softer tone, fearing he had seemed harsh. "Perhaps I should not have said what I have, Miss Hamilton being a relative of yours, but I am a plain man."

The face of the woman grew like adamant. There was not a line, not a feature, but looked as if sharpened by the chisel of a worker in marble. If Richard had seen it then, he would have been startled, even though his mind was preoccupied with his own deep sorrow. As it was, he moved his chair from the table, turned quickly away, and taking his night-lamp went up the stairs into his own room. For some moments the housekeeper sat like a statue. When she spoke, the words seemed to freeze as they fell from her rigid lips.

"Aye! go to your dead room," she muttered, "please yourself with pulling flours from hearts that have ceased to beat—the torture of the living heart has not ended yet, as I will show you, proud man. Bring your delicate wiles here; the atmosphere shall be as malaria to them, and all your wealth shall not keep them in your arms. Learn what a woman scorned can be and can make you suffer, too."

3.

A Rescue. From the Millionaire and Widowess.
"Oh, sir, what a race I have made you run! Thank you! thank you, a thousand times. Firely deserves a good, sound whipping, that he does, and I am almost ready to give it to him. But then he was a favorite of my dear brother, and he is gone away—I may never see him again. You are very much heated, sir; I hope you may not take cold."

Richard Trevor had lifted his hat, and was wiping his wet brow with a delicate handkerchief, bordered with black. His horse, a noble bay, stood perfectly quiet, sometimes nodding gravely to the high spirited young gray, as if he said, "you are too mettlesome, sir; do you know you might have killed this young lady?"

The lady, and very young she was, now stroked her steed lovingly, now held the whip with a threatening air; the horse did not see, or it might have fired his impetuous blood again. A bright and happy creature seemed the girl, with little beauty besides that of ruddy health, and a smile that was sparkling and bewitching. She wore a little cap with a long feather that swept down and mingled with her brown curls. Her cheeks were full of dimples, and her manner was at the same time serene and graceful, like that of a child full of natural impulses.

"Oh! go—I imagine not," said Richard Trevor. "I thought when your horse took that leap, it was all over with you. I congratulate you on your fine horsemanship."

"I can ride pretty well," said the girl, simply and candidly. "You see I am used to it—go twenty miles every day, to school and you. Sometimes I have let Freddy leap, too, but my father discourages me—he is afraid I shall come to harm. Spoons! I am ashamed of you—to get frightened at a white rag flying in the wind!"

Again her plump fingers nestled amid the silken mane of the trembling horse.

"My father would feel very grateful if he knew how kind you have been," said the girl, stealing a side-glance at the note, yet thin and sad looking face.

And who is he?"

"You are quite a judge, Miss—Miss—"
"Oh, I didn't think of telling you my father's name," she said quietly with a blush; "but I am just from school, and very thoughtful. As there is nobody near to apologize for me, I'll apologize for myself."

"The introduction might as well pass on both sides," he said, smiling a little, "my name is Trevor."
He bowed as he spoke, but looking up immediately after, saw that the young girl had grown quite reserved, with a curious coldness in her face, while she remained as if to him. A better thought at that entered his heart—he bid her good-day and hurried away.

"Good patience me!" ejaculated the girl, "so I've been talking with that rich man—that Trevor, who kills his wives off, so it frightens me to think of it. No wonder he looked melancholy—but so handsome! Why, it can't be possible that he is cruel, or wicked in any way, it seems to me, with that countenance. So, really I have something to tell—the rich Mr. Trevor, the great millionaire—positively ran after me—and caught me, too."

Her silvery laugh echoed along the road, and was taken up by a mocking bird who trilled on it till the melody seemed endless.

"What will father say?" she queried again, her face dimpling with a smile. "It was only yesterday, I remember he said, I wish Trevor lived in our town; the church debt would be paid off soon enough."

Redder seemed the flush of the way side-roses as she reflected—the merry Annie Giddy—on her morning's adventure. Those deep, earnest eyes, that looked as if they might be so loving, too, stamped upon her memory—and thinking—"how he did look at me!" her cheeks became dyed with blushes.

"The old story," muttered Richard Trevor, as he went on his homeward way. "The minute she knew who I was she altered. Scarcely more than a child, too—not sixteen, I know—with her beautiful, fresh, young face. Yes, there is a curse put upon me, and I must bear it. Strange thoughts came over me as I looked in that sweet countenance. My heart that has been so long dead to affection, warmed at her smile. For two years I have scarcely looked in a woman's face to think of her a moment after, and now that a ripple has stirred the surface of my heart, it is only to leave it darker and more sullen in its apathy." Gloomily he reached his home, this man of millions, whom most who knew him envied, and quietly as was his wont, he hurried to his own room. There he threw the curtain back—the light disclosing a note directed to him, which ran thus:

"Dear Trevor—There is to be an inquest held on the body of a suicide, to-morrow, at eleven, in Westminster. Come up if you can. I think we can have the body, if it is not removed."

Yours, etc.
Throwing down the paper, he took several turns about the room, standing once or twice to mark something on the floor.

"Harvey," he said, as his man entered, "for two or three days I have seen sundry scattered about my room. You are growing careless; you know how particular I am, and I can't think how the stuff gets here."

"It's very odd indeed, sir," said the man, bending down. "I'll see that it's removed immediately."

"What's this was doing here? Modelling wax?" exclaimed Richard, taking a lump from the table. "I never leave it in this room. Have you been using it?"

"No, indeed, sir," exclaimed the man, seemingly aghast at the question. "I know better than to touch your things, sir."

"It's quite singular, I must have left it out—a thing I never did before."

No saying, he walked from the room, through the small entry adjoining, and entering his private study, he placed the wax away. Against the wall, communicating with the entry, there stood a tall case, filled with specimens of various kinds. This could be easily moved, as it went on castors, but it was seldom displaced—only at the great yearly house-clearings. Another case stood nearly opposite, and though one door was partly open, nothing could be seen but a gray curtain hanging motionless. On a stand near by, were costly cases of instruments, only one or two uncovered. Backs filed the shelves that lined one corner of the room—maps and charts, original drawings, vials and glass jars, and a complete galvano apparatus filled up the room. Only Harvey, Richard's man, entered this room besides himself. Indeed, the door leading therefrom across the entry, where another door opened into his bedroom, was rarely unlocked; he preferred going to his study by another entrance.

Taking a book from the shelf, he was soon absorbed in its perusal, while Harvey was quietly busy in the next chamber.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
And love his neighbor as himself.
Upon the golden plan.

And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see.
That's only acting human.

A countryman who saw for the first time a hoop-skirt, hanging at a shop door, called to ask "what bird they kept in that cage?"

We see it stated that some of the preachers were in carrying coal to London, are so built that the same part (with boilers, engines, and propellers) documents and fits to another vessel; so that they arrive with a full cargo, change to an empty hull, and leave port again in an hour.

Marital history is a narrative of many words; but the story of love may be told in a few letters.

The addition of "ah!" to a sentence in exhortation is considered by some an essential aid; but sometimes it has a very ludicrous effect—as in the case of the man who said, that though in the early part of his life he had been opposed to govt, for twenty years he had been living on the Lord's side all!

MY PIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You, it was emphatically "my pie," for nobody else ever saw it, and, especially, as she is dead now, I will tell you all about it, as actually it happened. I had not been married long, and had the nicest little house possible, with very pretty furniture, and the brightest new silver spoons, it seemed a shame to soil them with tea or coffee. I was very happy with one exception, I had an experienced cook—and I gasp when I think of her—I tremble now at the thought of how I trembled then, a thin, bony woman, with a white apron, a brass thimble with no end to it, and high cheek bones! She had too, a few streaks of gray hair. I remember how meekly I used to creep down the kitchen stairs, and ask her if she thought it possible that she could find time to make a few cakes for tea, just a run of those cakes she made so very nicely, and, meeting with a calm, decided refusal, meekly creep up again, glad that the trial was over. The message besides "ourselves," consisted of this personage and another, a good humored lass, of whom no living creature ever stood in awe. I am afraid some other innocent young housekeepers may be in the same predicament, and to them I address this narrative, and for their benefit, I will relate how it happened that the world ever saw, or did not see, "my pie." Now, our cook, among other rules, had one to the effect that she would only make dessert on certain days. On my mentioning this fact one day to a friend, not complacently of course, but in a resigned way, she said, "So it is with mine, but that is no matter, on busy days, such as Monday and Tuesday, I go into the kitchen and make a few pies, or some other nice thing—why don't you do the same?" As I went home, the question "why don't you do the same?" rang in my ears. "Why should I not learn to make pies, too?" To be sure I had never attempted such a thing, but I had repeatedly seen it done at my mother's, and besides the cookery books are full of directions on the subject. So my mind is made up. I will make a pie now and then—surprise Henry with a delicious apple pie, or a mince pie. The first opportunity I have, I think I will go into the kitchen and try my hand at the novel occupation. It will be better to take an occasion when the cook is out, because she might not like it exactly, she is so very neat and orderly.

A few weeks afterwards, as good luck would have it, there was a day appointed for a firm man's parole. I told both my servants they might go out together for the whole morning. Off they went, and full of glee. As soon as I saw the coast clear, I slipped down into the kitchen, having first prepared my mind by a careful perusal of four cookery books, and the cooking part of two almanacs.

I seized a large tin pan, poured a great deal of flour into it, and "out up," according to directions, two half pounds of butter into it. Oh! the consummate skill of that manœuvre!—fancying my tyrant would be less likely to detect the larceny of two halves than a whole. This "cutting up" I found to be a difficult matter. Pouring in the water, I tried to mix and stir the whole thing with a gigantic spoon, but it would not mix—it would not stir!—the more I aimed blows at it with the spoon the more it would stay bits of butter, with a coating of flour, and the water in a canal by itself, and repaid all my strenuous efforts, by only blowing up flour in my eyes. Now, I tried what the almanacs had much stress on, and what the cookery books called "working," which consists in plunging your knuckles head foremost into the mixture, and "pawing" it about, so to speak—if my metaphors are not always elegant, I know housekeepers will excuse me.) To my horror, it would not be worked; it assumed the form of little, stringy mouse tails; I groaned, I mashed, I stirred, I put in more butter—more water—more flour—and succeeded somewhat. I scraped the dough from my hands with a sharp kitchen knife, (the kitchen knives were new then,) with as little of the skin as was possible under the circumstances, and in the pride of my heart prepared for the next step. I found in the table drawer one of those mysterious things that cooks make pies with, and that marshals in processions hold up before their faces so unaccountably, rubbing flour on this, in the easy, off hand way which I had seen it done, I ceased to roll—roll, to my surprise, it would not—kept at it, I looked for directions, folded it up, divided it in two, buttered it, watered it, floured it—at last it did roll a little. How quickly I got out two pie dishes, how lavishly I buttered them, and dragging up my dough like a refractory horse, tried by one masterly effort to hoist the pale mix on. On it would not go, it split, it burst asunder with a life-like, pertinacity; try! again; so I did, twenty two times did I endeavor to perform that feat! What if it wanted more flour? but more flour only made it go into awful fissures, like Europe, Asia, Africa and America. In my solemn opinion, no human power could have forced that stuff on those dishes. What should I do? what could I do? The clayey mass by means of repeated additions had quadrupled its original dimensions. Now my exhausted mind took a hasty glance into futurity. Supposing that I could get it on the dishes; there was the baking to do. Could I, innocent young housekeeper, that I was, enter into a contest with an oven, with any reasonable hope of anything but conflagration? Were there not dampers to be considered and consulted? flues and draughts to be taken into account? What was I, poor female human atom, against these? Another horrible thought! What if the cook should come home and catch me at it? So, taking a look at my flour-covered hair and dress, in a bucket of water which stood on a chair, and another at my hands, (didn't it stick to my shoes, too?) I resolved, for I was a person of quick resolves, to get rid of the whole business as soon as possible. Suddenly a loud ring at the bell—her ring—fixed me to the floor with a convulsive shudder of apprehension! And no doubt to let her in but myself! And, recovering myself, I did it! Was it moral or physical courage? I let her in, I trembled; she

bullied me. I braved her again—I won the victory—she did not know what it cost me—we parted!!!

I have kept house many years since then; I have seen "Love the gift" become "Love the debt;" the silver spoons have become dull; the stair-carpet has been many times renewed; little feet not dreamed of in those early days of primeval neatness, have kicked up many a dust on the fading floors; I have had thirty-two cooks, and Ann talks of going away to make room for the thirty-third; but not one of them has ever been an experienced one.

MARIA.

WANTED TO BUY HER.

Last autumn (says the London Court Journal) a young lady left Dundee for Alexandria, to visit relations resident in that city. As the passengers were landing at Alexandria, a richly attired Turk advanced to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly to be struck with the charms of the damsel from "honny Dundee." He approached her, and suddenly flung a string of figs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward and informed his bewildered passenger that the Turk's gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of an interpreter, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady—he had nine wives already, he said; but could he possess this new beauty, she should be the Queen and "Light of his Harem." The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was sixty thousand piastres (about twenty-five hundred dollars). The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he paid for the most handsome Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian ever brought to the Alexandria market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But, on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relations, the Turk again made his appearance, and, throwing another fig necklace around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the captain's sum! Here was a dilemma! But the captain soon cleared himself. "Foh!" said he, "you're too late; I sold her yesterday for a thousand piastres more, so you've lost her!" The lady was recently married in Dundee to a gentleman who did not give a cent for her!

VACCINATION AMONG THE MONKEYS.

The following story is told as a true one—but we must confess that it staggers our credulity a little. It is from an English work on natural history.

The smallpox having spread fearfully among the monkeys in South America, Dr. Pinkard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury Street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them, in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lantern guarded that it might not cut too deep. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with the skill of a professor.

"The usual effects," says Mr. Ross, "followed. Other steady monkeys were thus instructed in the art, after having been themselves previously inoculated; and several are, it is said, now being sent out to South America provided with all necessary means for the beneficial infection. May the attempt succeed, and men and monkeys, throughout that extensive continent, have cause to bless the name of England!"

A LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON ASKING COURT FAVOR.—In Fryer's *Life of Malone*, is a letter which escaped both Boswell and Croker. The great Samuel, it appears, in spite of his love for Fleet street, once applied for apartments in Hampton court place. The application was made in 1777, the year after the publication of *Tamolin* or *Pyrrhus* which gave him, he probably thought, additional claims upon the Government. Here is the application to Lord Hertford.

My Lord—Being wholly unknown to your Lordship, I have only this apology to make for presenting to trouble you with a request—That a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused. Some of the apartments are now vacant in which I am encouraged to hope that by application to your Lordship I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favor, and I hope that to a man who has had the honor of visiting His Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily accepted. I therefore request that your Lordship will be pleased to grant such request in Hampton court as shall seem proper to my Lord. Your Lordship's most obedient and most faithful humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the King ever heard of the application. On the letter is endorsed: "Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hand many engagements unsatisfied."

A neat compliment was paid the other day to a lady. She had just swallowed a petite glass of wine, as a gentleman in company asked for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughingly, "unless you will take some of it from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied; "but I never take sugar with my wine."

A gentleman who has just returned from Albany, where he succeeded in lobbying a bill in which he was personally interested, through the Legislature. "Well, did you persuade them to pass your bill?" we asked of him. "Yes," said he, pulling out his pocket-book, "I *persuaded* them."

Aunt E.—was trying to persuade little Kitty to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Kitty; "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt tried no more arguments with her.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS THAT ARE TOO FAMILIAR.—Pshaw! Stop your noise! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Shut up, this minute! Let me be! Go away! Get out! Be gone! I won't! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell you what! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! You did! I will have it! Oh, see what you've done! 'Twas you! Won't you get it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you? M-h-h-h-h-h! Ho-hoo! Bo-o-o! oo! oo! What's the matter? Clear out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Right away! Dear me! It's enough to set one crazy! It only goes to show! Oh, goody! I never see! I never did see in all my born days! Would you put a tank in it? Well, says I, says he! says she! says they! Bless me! No! Hm! It all the way round! Three fountains! Good! Pom-pa-pour! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cat-bias! Real sweet! and one or two more. —Fanny Fair.

SANCTITY OF THE BEAR.—That wild beasts of all kinds are scared away by fire is a well known fact, but the hungry bear is so cunning a nature that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveller. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the fiery barrier, but it contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner. Going to the nearest stream, it lumbers itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenching the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual powers.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—The principal currency of England is bank notes of the denomination of five pounds and upwards; sovereigns and half-sovereigns, in gold; crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences, four pences, and threepences, in silver; pennies, half-pennies, and farthings in copper. There are no bank notes issued in England, except those of the Bank of England, and none of a smaller denomination than five pence. A pound (sovereign) is equal to five dollars and about two pence; half a pound (two shillings) \$2.50; a crown (five shillings) \$1.25; half a crown (two shillings sixpence) 62½ cents; a florin (two shillings) 50 cents; a shilling, 25 cents; sixpence, 12½ cents; fourpence, 8 cents; threepence, 6 cents; penny, 2 cents; halfpenny, 1 cent; and farthing, ¼ cent.—Press.

KELLS.—Kells are, I believe, the toughest of fish. They will not only bear passing from salt to fresh water, but will travel overland if the pond or stream in which they have lived be dried up. They have been met, in some numbers, in warm weather, travelling in this manner, like snakes, for a considerable distance. Kells were supposed to have no scales on their bodies; but Dr. Buckland discovered that they are very minute, and have diffused over them a slimy mucus, and, being concealed, they are admirably adapted for the mode of life of these creatures, which consists of imbedding themselves in mud, or penetrating under stones and rocks.

MACARLAY AND HIS BALLADS.—It is stated that Macarlay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street folk who were bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half-a-dozen of men, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said the historian, "what is it?" "Oh, that is a good 'un," replied the boys, "after we've come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said Macarlay, astonished at the lad's familiarity. "Waiting for? Why, to hear you sing, to be sure." As he bought so many ballads, they thought he surely must be a street singer.

It would be a great advantage to some schoolmasters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.

A physician in Wisconsin being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "presentation," which he thinks will go far towards curing the malady of a very bad patient.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

That a successful pleader at the bar can make a poor political orator, is no more to be wondered at than a good microscope makes a very bad telescope.

It is said that in some of the villages of the west, it is so healthy that the folks have to shoot a man to start a burying ground.

Mr. Smith, said a little fellow, the other evening, to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Anna Maria's eyes any more. You have made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not put any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him.

NO CAUSE FOR IMMEDIATE ALARM.—At the present rate of consumption of coal, the State of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for more than three thousand years! At double the present rate for coal, North America would supply the demand for twenty thousand years!

Four fast young men, the sons of gentlemen of wealth, were brought before court in New Orleans as common rogues. The judges inquired what their bad course of life could be ascribed to. Most probably to their four fathers.

"That's a shame of mine!" as the belated said to the fire.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF TAMING ANIMALS.

Varro, who wrote about forty-five years before Christ, gives us some very detailed and particular statements about the cocks and hens of his time; but they are statements so apparently at variance with what the preconceptions of a modern would lead him to, that, were the particulars not established by later observations, made in a very particular way, one might be excused for not believing the Roman historian. Fowls, both wild and tame, were known, according to Varro, in the Roman poultry market of his time. "Wild fowl," he says, "are rare at Rome, being seldom met with except in cages. They do not crow," he proceeds to remark, "nor do they resemble domestic fowls in appearance, but approach nearer to the African bird." Many other particulars respecting these wild fowls does Varro narrate; but the reader will probably have begun to suspect that, by no possibility could a wild bird, having the characteristics of form as described by Varro, get modified by civilization into an ordinary cock or hen. Yet, curiously enough, the strange testimony of Varro has been confirmed in a very satisfactory manner; the evidence being as follows.

In the year 1842, Capt. Wm. Allen led one of those fatal expeditions up the Niger, which cast a blight on the memory of that ill-fated half. The expedition proved mortal to about half those who took part in it, and the survivors were reduced to an almost unexampled condition of suffering and prostration. In order to recruit their strength, the survivors were ordered to the isles of Ascension and St. Helena; but, happening on their way to touch the little volcanic island of Annabona, in the Gulf of Guinea, they not only found a plentiful stock of good poultry, but became acquainted with a fact of great interest to the naturalist; confirming, as it does, the statements handed down by Varro. According to the testimony of the natives of the little volcanic island, at a period some twenty years before the advent of Captain Allen, a few cocks and hens, escaping from an English ship, took to the woods, and, finding circumstances congenial to their natures, multiplied exceedingly. Now, twenty years is no long time, apparently, to work out changes in the organization of a race; but, strange to say, it was a period long enough to have degraded (if the term be permitted me) once civilized English barn-door fowls back to the level and the characteristics of the wild fowls described by Varro. Not only had the cocks ceased to crow, having adopted a cry of their own, but, in form, as well as color, the ordinary type of common barn-door fowls had become widely departed from. Fortunately, and to place the testimony beyond any reasonable doubt, Captain Allen and his surviving associates were accompanied by a naturalist.

In this way Varro and Captain Allen between them undoubtedly prove the strutting chanticleer and clucking hens, who go pecking away in modern farm-yards, to trace their pedigree back to the wild fowl common enough in the forests of Bengal. This, indeed, is just the pedigree naturalists had made out for them; but so apparently profound are the differences between the form and color of the two, to say nothing about the fact of tame cock crowing, and the inability of wild cocks to perform the vocal feat, that ordinary people might have been excused for not implicitly believing the statements of the naturalists.

And here, writing about the vocal powers of civilized chanticleer, it strikes me as a curious circumstance that he should learn his song in captivity, and that he should forget that as accomplishment when consigned to the woods again. Not less curious is it, as well as a matter of precisely similar import, that the barking of dogs is also a language of civilization. The wild dogs of Australia never bark; the half-reclaimed dogs of Constantinople do not howl in that line; and, as for the progeny of tame dogs allowed to run wild, they soon lose their barking power altogether. A dog, however, I may here remark, seldom runs wild if he can help it. To the majority of animals which man reclaims, making them companions of his steps, and denizens of his fields and home, civilization is a lot chequered to them with good and evil. If the horse, wild running in Tartarian steppes, be innocent of brutal oats and bran mash, physic when he is out of sorts, a stable roof over his head, and currying combs of mortifications; so he escapes a larger number of evils than he can bear; but, on the other hand, and upon his convenient back, he perhaps too exacting his back. Then, too, to the civilized bird or beast, good to be cooked and eaten! Dogs, I think, have a particularly happy lot of it. To them the change from savage to civilized life brings with it few or no disagreeables—save, perhaps, when fate may have cast their lot among natives of that central doxy land where puppies are held in culinary repute.

Some of the most interesting changes which time and wildness have wrought out upon animal races are perceptible in the American continent. I need hardly remark that, before the Spaniards set their conquering feet upon American soil, horses, goats, pigs, dogs, sheep, and a few other animals, were strangers to that continent. Of these, I believe the dog alone has never totally escaped from man's fellowship and congenial domination. As regards that other companion of man, scarcely less intimate than the dog—the horse, of course, I mean—it is far otherwise. Hundreds of thousands of horses, totally wild, roam at his time over the prairies and llanos of the North and South America. The soil and climate of America are probably no less congenial to the horse than those extensive plains in Central Asia, from which the equine race is supposed to have ramified. Probably the wild American horse has all the characteristics of the originally wild stock; therefore, any peculiarity of type recognizable in the one, we may expect to be recognizable in the other. Well, what facts does testimony supply in this matter? We will see. Don Felix Azara, I believe, was the first to notice the circumstance that, among these wild American horses, there is hardly a black, a

* Known to us moderns as the Guinea-fowl, or phœnix.

gray, pishald, or sorrel-colored individual to be seen. They all present the uniform type of brown short hair and black manes and tails. So far as the testimony of the naturalist just mentioned goes, the presumption is indicated that brown, with black manes and tails, was the color of original wild horses—the very color stated by Pallas as belonging to wild horses of the Tartarian steppes.

The American descendants of tame pigs run wild illustrate, in their own personal characteristics, the mutation of type which an animal species may experience. Not only have the wilding porkers lost their slow slouching gait, and become veritable wild beasts of the forest—that might have been expected—but their color is invariably black, and their ears, instead of being pendulous, as is the case of tame pigs, prick up and stand well forward. Whilst grunter was a denizen of the farm-yard, with no enemy to fear save the butcher (whom he never learned to fear,) and having no care for his dinner, a state of blunt hearing was of no particular disadvantage to him. Far otherwise is it with a wild forest pig, having to shift for himself the best way he can, and to whom the ability to hear quickly, and to remain wide awake, is a matter of the utmost consequence. To such a pig, prick up ears are a sort of necessity, and accordingly God has supplied them.

America presents sheep and bullocks for the naturalist's investigation, under the somewhat rare and very interesting condition of neither quite wild nor quite tame. In these the mutation of race in passing from civilized back to savage life is not wrought out, but is yet in a state of transition. Before more specially pointing out what has happened to both these races, I would just in passing direct the reader's attention to a series of animals of the sheep tribe, the skins of which are stuffed and preserved in the zoological department of the British Museum. Without particularizing the animals in question by the hard names which naturalists apply to them, it will be enough for my purpose if the reader observe that certain sheep-looking animals are there to be seen—sheep-like in form, face, horns, and, in short, everything save the one characteristic of wool. Glancing now the mental eye far away from the stuffed skins of the British Museum, and contemplating all the solitudes of which sheep are the objects, by reason of their fleece—considering how those warm coats of theirs have to be bathed, anointed, and otherwise cared for to prevent ill results—a question might arise of the following kind. How would a wild sheep manage with no kind shepherd at hand to see to the wool toilette? On this point the half wild sheep of America furnish an instructive lesson. Their lambs have wool like any civilized lambs, and the wool continues growing for a period; but mark now the curious result. If the shearer comes before a certain period, and shears the fleece, wool and good; another fleece begins to grow, lengthening to maturity. If, however, the shearer be far neglected this operation at a certain time, a little too long elapses, off falls the wool of its own accord, a crop of hair takes its place, and wool never grows on the hair part again.

What can be more beautiful than this illustration of the way in which the Almighty modifies the characteristics of a race in favor of mankind? The young lamb with woolly fleece would seem to say naively, and once for all, "Wild or tame? which is it to be? Take your choice, but choose at once."

Passing now from sheep to cows, just contemplate the enormous quantity of cows' milk consumed by human beings, and how freely cows supply it. But this facility of milking is a characteristic impressed on the species after many centuries of contact with humanity. The half-wild cows of America yield milk indeed, for their own progeny, but they have very little to spare besides. Neither the Spaniards at home, nor the descendants of Spaniards abroad, are much of a milk loving people; but whenever a travelling milk-cow wanders amidst the half wild cows of certain parts of America, he finds it no easy matter to get a little cows' milk. The animals have lost the function of continuous supply.

To finish our account of tame animals run wild in America, I may remark that only the goat and the donkey have grown handsomer for the change which has come over their fortunes. As to the goat, his head has become smaller and his eye brighter; and, who would have thought it?—the wild donkey actually seeks out the wild horse to do battle with, fighting, I am bound to say, most treacherously—by the very reverse of all that is noble and chivalrous—but, for the most part, successfully. In short, the wild donkey seems to be a fellow of more intelligence than the wild horse, but at the same time more treacherous, resentful, and unforgiving.

When a girl hunts a husband, the engagement ring, to be in keeping, should be chased.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

Many institutions are improperly called seminaries, for they do not half teach anything.

May the person who makes one pound two a day be said to double his capital?

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a itch in his side ever since.

The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

A lecturer asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," suggested Brown, "not a bitter cold day."

There is a man, in Tottens, so witty, that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

Pompey, the nigger, said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

There is a man in town so knowing, that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Keep a scrap-book if you like, but don't put into it everything you can manage to scrape up; that is, don't let your scrap-book be a mere scrap-book.

Odd—that rivers should be so full just where they empty themselves.

Wit and Humor.

A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

By One Who Has Written the Other Kind.

I. The curl upon the distant shore is breaking,
Bright tears of dew the moon seem to weep.
But you are prejudiced against awaking,
So I'll sing small, and let you have your sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep!

II. You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall you?
I take great pains my voice subdued to keep.
For well I understand the lofty value
All sane folk set upon a wholesome sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep!

III. Some fellows—at their nonsense oft I wonder—
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep.
Until their loved ones with they'd go to thunder,
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep!

IV. The grass is wet, I find that I am sneezing.
This kind of thing is getting rather deep.
The thought of rheumatism is a t. pleasing,
So, with your leave, I'll home to bed and sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep!

BEAT AT HIS OWN GAME.

The late talented but eccentric Judge M., of Mississippi, was making a speech to a large crowd, in 1840, in behalf of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," when the following incident took place, much to the discomfort of one of the parties.

General —, a distinguished captain in his day, had made a very violent speech against General Harrison, and had accused him of cowardice in the battle of Tippecanoe—which battle, by the way, had given to General H. the well known sobriquet of "Old Tippecanoe." In order to disprove this charge, coming as it did from such high authority, Judge M. reviewed, in a masterly manner, the plan and order of that famous battle, and showed conclusively that the opinion of the General was entirely unfounded. He took particular pains to point in the eye of his vast audience where General Harrison stood, what his movements, and what his orders; at what point stood the gallant Davies, and where he received his death wound; at what point the enemy made their most deadly attack, and how and where they were repulsed; at what point the clarion voice of the General gave confidence to the troops, and caused them to regain their confidence in the deadly fight. After dwelling upon all the stirring incidents of the battle, and depicting the glories of the triumphant victory, he asked the audience, in a high and triumphant key, "If there was a man in the sound of his voice who, after hearing this vindication of General Harrison, could for one moment believe that the noble old hero of Tippecanoe acted cowardly on that glorious occasion?" I repeat," said the Judge, "is there a man in this vast crowd who has the hardihood, after all I have said, to declare that General Harrison, the renowned warrior and statesman, was a coward in the battle of Tippecanoe?"

A voice from the outskirts of the crowd cried, in thunder tones, "I say it!"

"Who are you?" said the Judge. "Stand up, and let me see you! I wish to let the crowd see what sort of a man you are."

The crowd around the person who had thus created a sensation so thrilling, literally pushed him up, so that all could see him. While standing upon the bench opposite the Judge he proved to be almost a giant in size, fully equal to the Judge, who, like Saul, was a head and shoulders taller than his tribe. The Judge gazed upon the bold intruder with magnificent disdain. It seemed as though he was trying to blast him with a look, the crowd meantime looking on with intense interest, and wondering how it would end.

"Are you the man," said the Judge, "who says General Harrison acted cowardly at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I am," said the man, in tones both loud and bold.

"Upon what grounds do you have the brazen impudence to make the charge?" said the Judge, in a higher and loftier key.

"Because I was there and saw him," said the man.

The Judge looked at him with scorn, and cried, "Do you say you were at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I do," said the man.

The Judge raised himself on tiptoe, elevated both arms above his head, and thundered forth in the voice of Stentor, "You're a liar! for if you had been there I'd have seen you!"

The big fellow dropped from the bench on which he was standing as suddenly as though he had been shot through the heart. The vast crowd yelled with delight at his discomfiture. The bold assertion of the Judge overthrew the slanderer, and the people rejoiced. He not only made the God-like of the base falsehood believe that he had been in the battle, but the crowd, too, when nothing was farther from the truth. He knew the intruder was gassing; and he went a stone's throw beyond him, and beat him at his own game.

NEW WAY OF TELLING A GOOD NOTE.—A citizen of a neighboring town went to market one morning, and having purchased a turkey of a countryman gave him in payment a bank note. The countryman was doubtful of the genuineness of the bill, and ran across to old M'C—'s store to submit it to his inspection.

Now M'C— was very near sighted, and so put the note close to his "peepers." The examination was satisfactory; for, handing the note back, he pronounced it genuine. The countryman's eyes grew big as saucers, and as he went out of the store he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be whipped if ever I saw a man tell a good note before by smelling of it!"

RULES FOR SLEEP—AN IMPROVEMENT ON DR. HALL.—1st. As soon as you are in bed, have Bridget hand the wash bowl to you. Then place it immediately beneath the small of your back, and you will immediately sink into a calm slumber. It should not remain in that position long enough to produce stupor.

2nd. Try to think of something you can't remember; the more you can't think of it, the deeper you will get.

3rd. Let John or Phineas pour ice water down the sleeve of your shirt for an hour or two, while he holds a lump to your nose.

4th. Count two millions, slowly and deliberately. You will certainly be asleep before you have counted that number.

5th. Hold a wire against the nerve of your tenderest tooth. This is infallible—patent applied for.

6th. Have your back gently smoothed with a curry comb, or read the Common Council proceedings.

A FARMER'S STORY.—At the Woodbury ploughing match, a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote:—

Having drained a field where nothing had ever grown before, I was standing near, looking at a crop I had there, when a neighboring farmer came up. We had one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them, in fact, came from Woodbury; (laughter) but that is not the man I am speaking of. He came up and said to me—

"That is a beautiful crop! How did we get it, sir?"

I replied, "Brains." (Laughter.)

"What! manure the field with brains?" (More laughter.)

The fact was, I had drained the field, so I said, "Yes." (Renewed laughter.)

"Goodness, yer honor, where did ye get um?" (Roars of laughter.)—*Shelburne Journal.*

A TRIPUDIOUS DIFFERENCE.—Judge H., of Detroit, although celebrated in his profession, was noted among his acquaintances as being very full of seeing a pun. One day, being at a dinner party, the following conversation was given by one of the guests:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

"When she is a little sulky?"

The Judge, like all the rest of the company, thought it first rate. The next evening, paying a visit to Miss Belle C., the Judge thought it would please her as well, and gave it as follows:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

Miss C., having given it up, the Judge replied, to her amazement and amusement,

"When she is a little buggy!"

VICTORIA'S FIRST MOMENT OF SOVEREIGNTY.—If the following relation is true—as there is no reason to doubt—there was good foundation in the concessions and early mature character of the Princess Victoria, for the good Queen, wife and mother which she has proved herself to be.

William the Fourth expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and other high functionaries of the kingdom were in attendance. As soon as the "acceptre had departed" with the last breath of the King, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess—already by the law of succession Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of William, and finally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. The sovereignty of the most powerful nation lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen. She was, *de jure*, Queen of the only realm, in fact or history, on which the sun never set. She was deeply agitated. The first words she uttered were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They knelt down together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the old time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for the multitude."

CURIOUS SANITARY FACTS.—At Montfaucon, in Paris there is one of the most extensive knacker yards in the world. Thousands of horses, dogs, and cats are slaughtered there—the flesh and offal, after the animals are skinned, being allowed to remain and putrefy for the purpose of manure. Every one can imagine the fetid odor produced by heaps of flesh left to putrefy for months in the open air, and in the heat of the sun; to which must be added the gases given out from mountains of skeletons not properly cleaned from the soft parts, and the emanations arising from a soil saturated from year to year with blood and animal liquids. But, if you interrogate the numerous workmen who belong to the establishment, they will answer that they are never ill, and that the effluvia which they inhale, far from injuring them, contribute to keep them in good health. If you examine them you will see they have all the appearance of the most perfect health. The robust health of the wife and five children of Friand were remarkable, for they had all the year worked and slept in a place which was actually unapproachable to the members of the Commission, on account of the stench. In respect to the longevity of these knackers, many of them are sixty or seventy years old, quite robust and active. Inquiries showed that their parents died at an advanced age. Of the last three knackers that died, one was sixty, another seventy, and a third eighty-four.—*Illustrated.*

BEAT AT HIS OWN GAME.—A contemporary wants to know in what age woman has been held in the highest esteem. We don't know; but certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.



The Pupils of Paradise Hall obeying the advice of their revered Preceptor—"to retire quietly to their sleeping apartment, and there lie down as quietly to repose."

THE TWO HEADED EAGLE.

The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, B. C., 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans, the French, under the Empire, adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle, those of the East, a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle, met with in taverns, is in allusion to the emperors of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of an Empire has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Prussia, Russia, Poland, and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Caesars of Rome, use the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern Emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the Emperors of Germany (now merged into the House of Austria), consider themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it; for when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle, A. D., 802, to denote that the Empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. As it is among birds the king, and being the emblem of a noble nature, from its strength of wing, and eye, and courage, and also of conscious strength and innate power, the eagle has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty. Of the different eagles of heraldry, the black eagle is considered the most noble, especially when blazoned on a golden shield.

ANECDOTE OF A HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Though the taste of the Hop be bitter, the perfume is delicious. It is quite an attraction, and gives one an idea of the manner in which insects are drawn to their own peculiar diet or comfort by the sense of smell. Unfortunately it is only to be richly perceived in the direction of the wind, and, after a few sniffs, it ceases to be perceived at all. But German homoeopaths, who are very sensitive creatures, and particularly fearful of all sorts of smells, are awfully afraid of a hop-kiss. We remember a case of a young lady, who was under German homoeopathic treatment, telling her physician that she had been a hopping, and she began to expatiate on the deliciousness of the perfume. But he screamed with horror. "Horrible! horrible! most horrible! You could not have done anything worse! You have spoiled the effect of all my medicine! I shall just have to begin again! Did I not tell you to keep free of smells?" "I did not call it a smell. I call it a perfume," retorted the lady. "Well, it is the same thing," said the doctor.

A SNEaky LAWYER.—When Lord Mansfield (then Mr. Murray) was examined before the Privy Council, about the year 1747, for drinking the Pretender's health on his knees (which he certainly did), it was urged against him, among other things, to show how strong a wisher he was to the cause of the exiled family, that when he was employed as Solicitor General against the rebels who were tried in 1746, he had never used that term, but always called them *unfortunate gentlemen*. When he came to his defence he said the fact was true; and he should only say that "he pitied that man's loyalty who thought that *epithets* could add to the guilt of treason!"—an admirable instance of a dexterous and subtle evasion.—*Malone.*

A GOOD ANECDOTE is told of a man named Bently, a confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses conspired themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph, "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would suppose that Bently would have acknowledged the corn; not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

A SENSIBLE WRITER advises those who would enjoy good eating, to keep good-natured: "for," says he, "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage, or stewed umbrella."

"I cannot!" is often a gentleman; while "I'll see!" is generally a sneak. Very few who promise to "see," ever mean what they promise. It is a way the heartless have of evading a duty.

Agricultural.

WHO EVER KNEW A GOOSE DID FROM OLD AGE?

An answer to this question might not be easier than one to that of—Who ever saw a dead donkey? which it is said was some time ago proposed in a club of savans in natural history. The late Col. Jaques brought a pair of wild geese from Montreal in 1818—their age at that time unknown, but must have been three years or upwards, as they were capable of breeding. They continued to breed every year till killed by dogs which broke into Col. J.'s poultry yard six years ago. The same gentleman imported from Bremen in 1821, four of the so-called Bremen or Emblen geese, one of the females of which we think is still living, and the last we heard of her had bred every year since she came to this country. But these cases of asnering longevity are much exceeded by a goose said to have been exhibited at the last New Jersey State Fair. It is stated that a card attached to her cage gave the following account:—"This goose is now owned by Robt. Schomp of Redington, Hunterdon county, N. J. She has been in his possession twenty-five years, and was given to him by his grandfather, Major H. J. Schomp. Robert's father is now in his 85th year, and this goose was a gift to his mother, as a part of her marriage outfit. The mate of this goose was killed in the Revolutionary war, being rode over by a troop of cavalry. She enjoys general good health, is not so active as she once was, but moves about among her descendants with dignity and considerable activity. In the spring of 1857, she laid six eggs, three of which were hatched, and the goslings raised. In 1858, she made seven nests, and laid but two eggs, evidence perhaps of failing faculties. Her eyes are becoming dim, one having almost entirely failed. The year of her birth cannot be known."

HOW TO TEST THE QUALITY OF WOOL.—A TEXAS paper says:—"Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from thirty to thirty-three of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest Electoral of Saxony wool grown."

Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior.

Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best.

Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch.

With this test, every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools which, experienced wool growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness and straightness of the fibre.

TO PREVENT FORKED TREES SPLITTING.—J. T. Moxley, Shelby county, Wis., recommends to twist or wind together a few of the smaller limbs above the fork, which will grow in that position as the tree increases in size, and form a natural brace. He states that he has many trees successfully treated in this manner. We have prevented forked trees inclined to split, and even secured those that had already commenced to part, by boring through with an inch auger and driving in a strong wooden pin. A smaller iron bolt, with a head on one end and a nut on the other end is even better. The new growth will soon cover the pin or bolt.—*American Agriculturist.*

HAY REQUIRED FOR COWS.—Otis Brigham, of Westborough, Mass., after 70 years' experience in farming, says in the N. E. Farmer, that good cows will eat on an average 20 lbs. of hay per day, when giving milk, and 15 lbs. when dry—not by guess work, but tested by actual weighing for months at a time. They will pay well for their keeping, by an average of 6 qts. of milk per day through the year. He estimates summer pasture at 50 cents per week, and milk at 3 qts. a quart.

SMOKING SEED CORN.—At a late discussion of a farmer's club in Illinois, reported in the Chicago Farmer's Advocate, Mr. Ide said that he selects his seed ears in the field before frost; hangs them in a smoke-house—the more smoke the better. The prodigious acid imbibed by the corn will bring it up in dry or hot weather, and at the end of four weeks the growth will be twice that of corn planted at the same time without smoking, and will be left entirely alone by the mice, squirrels or worms.

CRIBBING.—Turn the horse out so that he can come to the bare ground for an hour or two each day for a few weeks, and see if he will then bite his crib.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DO ANIMALS CONSUME FOOD IN PROPORTION TO THEIR SIZE?

We suppose that this question will generally receive an affirmative answer. Mr. John Johnson, of New York, whose success in fattening stock has given his opinion on this subject equal authority with his opinion on draining, has recently written some advice to a young farmer on buying and fattening stock, which answers our question in the negative, at least so far as fattening animals are concerned. He says, in an article published in the Country Gentleman, that:

"It takes no more feed to fatten a lot of sheep averaging 140 or 150 pounds, than it does the same number averaging only 85 or 90 pounds; therefore it is more profitable to feed heavy sheep than light ones. It takes no more to fatten a steer that weighs 1,400 pounds, live weight, than it does to fatten one weighing 900 or 1,000 pounds, and the largest will always gain the most, with equal feed, if they are of the same age. Then, when fat, the largest are worth more per pound to the butcher; so there is a profit every way in fattening cattle of a good size, according to their age."

In confirmation of this opinion, he adds that he had heard those whom he regarded as men of practical knowledge say, that all animals except man eat according to their size, and for a long time he believed it, but when he came to feed steers in stalls, some weighing 1,000 pounds, some 1,500 pounds, and found the largest putting on the most fat, and gaining the most in weight, which they would always do, he found those men's theories would not stand the test when tried by practice.

LAYING HENS.—A subscriber at North Shore, Staten Island, gives the following report for 1859:—Eggs laid by 30 hens in January 238; in Feb. 336; in March 478; in April 406; in May 334; in June 311; in July 306; in Aug. 308; in Sept. 257; in Oct. 137; in Nov. 145; in Dec. 365—Total for the year 3,621, or an average of 120 to each hen. (That is certainly eggcellent.) In January, 1860, 46 hens laid 421 eggs, and they were doing still better in February. In the above case the secrets of subscriber's success in winter consisted of:—Warm house; ample yard room; plenty of grain; meat scraps; kitchen refuse; chopped cabbages; pounded bones or oyster shells, and clean water.—*American Agriculturist.*

PIE PLANT WINE.—The manufacture of wine from the stalks of pie-plant or rhubarb, has become quite an item in some sections of the west. For two years past, we have tasted of it among our many western friends, and have often found it very pleasant. It is much improved by age, although when quite new it is palatable, and very valuable in the kitchen pantry department. Last summer, we had the pleasure of tasting some that had been made eight years, and found it to resemble a pure Mansinello wine, oily and mild, yet with a pleasant aroma. The maker was William Glasgow, Jr., Esq., of St. Louis, the Longworth of wine making in Missouri.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PREVENTION OF ANTS.—Mrs. D., my landlady, informs me that she was greatly troubled formerly with ants in her cupboard, in which she kept not only dishes, but victuals; but that the accidental breaking of a bottle of spirits of camphor in the cupboard cleared them all out. She considers camphor a sure remedy against ants in all cupboards, safes, dairies, closets, &c. It will not cost much to try it. J. S. Dixon, M. D.

Bell's Bend, Tenn.

CLEANING COFFEE WITHOUT EGGS.—When eggs cannot be obtained, boil the coffee in a little bag made of millinet, or any other coarse cloth. It will be as clear as amber.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO KEEP YOUR HANDS FROM CHAPPING.—The following is said to have been told to Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, by Mr. Wikoff:

"I can tell you a secret—how you can wash your hands and keep them deliciously soft," said the Chevalier Wikoff.

"How?" asked Pryor.

"It is a secret worth knowing, but out of my high regard for you I will tell it. Wash your hands with soap until they are covered with the white foam; then let your chambermaid, or some friend, pour sweet-scented oil into the palms of your hands—a tablespoonful will do; then rub your hands together for some time; finally take a clean towel and wipe your hands. Don't wash with water again.—You will find your hands as white and soft as velvet."

BEST BUTTER.—Boil your butts, then grate them, and to one pint of the best add one pint water, one pound sugar, one half pint vinegar; boil to the consistency of apple-butter. Spice to the taste.

CORN CURED.—The safest, the most accessible, and the most efficient cure of a corn on the toe, is to double a piece of thick soft buckskin, cut a hole in it large enough to receive the corn, and bind it around the toe. If, in addition to this, the foot is soaked in warm water for five or more minutes every morning and night, and a few drops of sweet oil or other oily substance are patiently rubbed in on the sore after soaking, the corn will almost infallibly become loose enough in a few days to be easily picked out with a finger nail; this saves the necessity of paring the corn, which operation has sometimes been followed with painful and dangerous symptoms. If the corn becomes inconvenient again, repeat the process at once.—*Hall's Journal.*

THE CLASSIC.—It is curious to reflect that a love of, and seal for, the classics, which in our day is considered rather a mark of a conservative turn of mind, was in old times the sign of an innovator and a revolutionary character. Old Abbots shook their heads, and said, "A dangerous young fellow that—he reads Greek!" And it is amusing to reflect that a man who despises everything but the classics now, is often just the man who, in the days of Erasmus, would have despised the classics themselves!

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 4, 8, 12, 3, is one of the greatest blessings God bestowed upon man.

My 2, 3, 10, is an article that is used very much so far as fattening animals are concerned.

My 7, 9, 10, 12, is what we should all do.

My 13, 2, 11, is a domestic bird.

My 2, 14, 14, 18, is a given name.

My 11, 5, 3, is an adverb.

My 10, 11, 15, is a conjunction.

My 15, 2, 10, 6, is what we all like to be called.

My 5, 13, is an interjection.

My 16, is a letter of the alphabet.

My 8, 10, 7, is what lady folk do.

My 14, 5, 3, is a name you will find in the Bible.

My 10, 3, 2, is what every one has done.

My 1, 13, 5, 2, is a very necessary article.

My 1, 10, 8, 2, is a kind of plant.

My whole is the name of a distinguished gentleman in Congress.

STELLA GORDON.
Ivins Valley, Adams Co., Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 11, 21, 5, is a metal.

My 3, 15, 20, 17, is an article for seasoning food.

My 22, 4, 10, 6, is a musical instrument.

My 7, 2, 1, means under.

My 13, 16, 9, is a male's name.

My 12, 18, 23, is an agricultural implement.

My 8, 9, 14, 10, is a word used in the New England States to mean to hiss.

My whole is an old adage.

H. F. W.
West Chester, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Although I'm as cold as the Arctic snow,
Or the ice of northern seas,
I'm seen where the orange and almond grow,
And where blows the tropic breeze.

If I'm as cold as the glacier bright,
On the Alps and the Andes found,
Still I'm oft heard on a summer's night,
When the storm king rages round.

I'm seen when birds their matins sing,
When the trees are bleak and drear,
When long and loud the sharp, clear ring
Of the skater sounds through the air.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Drawn from the earth an useless mass, I for a while remain,
And all degrees of heat I pass ere I my beauty gain.

By artist then exactly skilled, I'm with a shape endowed,
And when completely finished, filled with vital flesh and blood.

Much prized, to every sex and age, a welcome guest I come,
And do in divers feats engage, of which I'll tell you some:

By force the famous Gordian tie the Macedonians disjoined,
But force and skill you'll vainly try to loose the knot I bind.

I Strephon's plant to Sylvia bear, with much ingenious art,
What in two hours he'd scarce declare, I in two words impart.

But hold! already I too far, I fear, myself unmask:
Ladies, I pray my name declare, 'tis sure an easy task.

H. F. H.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Omit my 1 and 2, transpose, and I am a color.

Omit my 3, transpose, and I am an animal.

Omit my 3